

AUM

Unveil, O Thou who givest sustenance to the world, that face of the true Sun, which is now hidden by a vase of golden light ! so that we may see the truth and know our whole duty.

THE ARYAN PATH

VOL. II

JUNE 1931.

No. 6

SACRIFICE

—प्राणान् प्राणेषु जुहति ।

Some sacrifice life unto Life.

The most ancient religious philosophies teach that the manifested universe is the flower of Sacrifice. The ancient doctrine of Emanations enables us to comprehend the nature and method of this sacrifice, while its modern counterpart of Evolution does *not*. Only in a restricted sense, in connection with the human kingdom, do we ordinarily speak of sacrifice. The Sanskrit term for it, Yagna, conveys much more to the Hindu, for example, than does the word Sacrifice to the Christian, in spite of all that has been said about the Sacrifice of the Christos.

Ordinarily sacrifice, as a principle of morality and ethics, is considered to be very fine and is much more talked about than

observed, for the reason that it is little understood. The entire gamut of human evolution is traceable in the expression of Sacrifice. This was explained in a recent lecture in India on the subject of the mystic and Theosophic meaning of Easter—the Universal Festival of Sacrifice. Below we print a full extract which completes the subject under consideration:—

The whole universe is an embodiment of sacrifice. Each kingdom sacrifices for every other kingdom. When we obtain the knowledge hidden in Nature, we are not depressed at her ruthlessness; for she is not ruthless, not remorseless. She is Compassion Incarnate. See the laws of Dharma and Yagna as they

work in Nature. Nature is dutiful and her whole movement is one Grand Sacrifice. If we apply her ways to ourselves we will learn to sacrifice the senses so that the mind may be born in us; to sacrifice the mind, so that the heart may be born in us; to sacrifice the heart so that the soul may be born in us; to sacrifice the soul so that the spirit may be born in us; to sacrifice the spirit so that the Universal Spirit, Paramatma, may be born in us.

Sacrifice begets sacrifice—this is the ancient law.

There is the sacrifice of enjoyment and personal pleasure, and it is with this that man begins. To start with, people sacrifice for those they love—to feel the power of their love through that sacrifice. There is no question of motive of duty, but there is the giving up of some personal attachment—Raga, in Sanskrit—for a greater and a deeper love. At this stage we sacrifice not because it is right or a duty to sacrifice, but because it brings us a deeper joy, a deeper inner satisfaction. On the plane of emotions and feelings this sacrifice manifests itself.

Next, the sense of Duty comes to birth—Dharma. With it is felt some appreciation of Causality and Destiny—Karma—and so to Raga-Attachment, the other member of the pair is added, Dvesha-Dislike. People begin to sacrifice not only for loved ones, but also for persons, objects, aims, which they may not, often do not love, but which they feel are good and should be sacrificed for out of a

sense of Duty. It is at this stage that mortification is practised. We feel we must sacrifice although we do not like to do it. Note here that the objects for which sacrifice is made, have increased in number. While in the first type, we perform sacrifice out of selfish attachment or affection for our own circumscribed personal self; in the second a sense of duty, by which that personal self is mortified, shows itself. In the first, to take but one example, sacrifice is confined to friends and kin; in the second its scope increases; a less personal position is taken, but still sacrifice moves in a restricted circle, and looks forward to receiving its due fruits. Communal charity, national benefactions which bring fame and popularity, are in this second class of yagna or sacrifice.

This leads to the third kind. When the expected results of sacrifice do not come forth, much confusion and some enquiry ensue. When a man has given a lakh or two of rupees and still his name does not appear in the list of K. C. S. I.'s, he wonders—of course within his own heart—what is the matter? The same phenomenon takes place in other spheres; for example, a social servant sacrifices in the hope of achieving a good result, and when it is not forthcoming, he asks—why did this happen? It is at this stage that man finds out that sacrifice without knowledge is not real sacrifice. Numerous are the steps and stages in this third compartment. Man learns slowly, his ignorance

dies very hard! He learns that it is better to feed the mind than to feed the body; better to sacrifice for the nation than for the community, which is part of that nation; better to clothe the soul than to clothe the mind; better to help man build his own bodily temple and become his own priest than to build temples and mosques and churches and synagogues. Just as mortification guides the second kind of sacrifice, so knowledge energizes this third type of yagna.

This search through knowledge brings man to real or spiritual sacrifice. He sees that sacrifice is not only doing something to some one with what we possess, it is not only giving of wealth or even of knowledge that we possess, but it is an act of life. All acts should be sacrifices, teaches the *Gîtâ*. This means that whatever we do must be done with a Life-Ideation, with a Heart-Energy. To throw a coin to a beggar is outer sacrifice—the motive, the thought, the energy behind the act makes it real or unreal, complete or not complete. Sacrifice life with Life. The great Life sacrifices for the little life; the Great Masters for the little world. To practise that high kind of true sacrifice, all duties and deeds of life must be used. Here, giving and receiving becomes one, the sinner and the saint commingle, the sacrificer has become sacrifice itself. It is somewhat difficult to understand, but in this is the true

meaning of the Sacrifice of the Christos, the Universal Self, of Vishvakarma, the Divine Carpenter, the Yazeshnae which Ahura Mazda performed, the Yagna of Maheshwara.

How shall we learn to perform this kind of sacrifice? By learning the art of seeing the divine aspect of all that we do, of all that we contact. Learn to discern the Spirit working in all you do. You are eating? Thus are you nourishing the Gods who nourish you. You are bathing? Thus are you cleansing earth of its sins—the task of the Gods. You are reading? Thus are you enlightening the darkness of ignorance as the Masters do. You are giving help? Such is the gift that Nature and the Lords of Nature bestow, like rain and sunshine and sweet breezes—feel grateful for the opportunity that is yours. You are receiving help? Be like flowers, happy to receive warmth and light; be contented and busy as the bee, receiving sweetness from the buds and blossoms; be like the sacred cow, receiving fodder and then transmuting it into milk for the nourishment of man. If the recipient of charity transforms not what he gets to help others he receives in vain. So—live in sacrifice, thinking of the Great Sacrifice, Adhi-Yagna, the Soul of the soul, He who incarnates that thousands may learn, He who dies so that thousands may know how to die, in order that they may live,

THE ECLECTICISM OF AKBAR AND AMMONIUS.

[A war is ever waged between Belief and Knowledge, between Creed and Faith, between Religions and Religion. The Priest is ever the enemy of the Prophet. A Jesus chases money-lending friends of priest-craft from the temple—and His followers build a Church and then many Churches in all of which collection plates form a striking feature. A Guru Nanak, walking the Way of His Predecessor Kabir, succeeds in establishing brotherliness and peace between Hindus and Muslims—and His followers usher in a new religion and produce a new community of martial ardour.

The noble task of restoring the forgotten Wisdom, neglected Ethics, and despoiled Brotherhood, falls to the Karma of the true Bikshus of the Buddha, the true Apostles of the Christ, the true Chelas of the Guru. Such genuine followers, like their Masters, are Theosophists. Numerous are the attempts, history records, and in the following contributions two such are described. These old attempts at resuscitating lost Theosophy, Bodhi-Dharma, Wisdom-Religion, deserve careful study at the present hour when the entire world is suffering, not so much from poverty and starvation as from wrong use of riches and over-eating.

The name Theosophy dates from the third century of the Christian era, and began with Ammonius Saccas and his disciples who started the Eclectic Theosophical system. However, the name Theo-Sophia, itself but a rendition of the Sanskrit Brahma-Vidya, the Divine Science, the Religion of Living, is as old as thinking man. Its flow in the world of mortals is succeeded by an ebb—but ebb or flow the Waters of Wisdom ever exist. They purify, they nourish, they bring true contentment born of understanding.—EDS.]

I

THE UNIFYING RELIGION OF AKBAR

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Is there not a message in this article for modern India divided by communalism? The greatest danger which awaits this ancient land is the possibility of diverse classes being impressed with atheistic and scientific Nihilism, say of the kind which hails from Bolshevik Russia. The true way would be to unify the peoples on a spiritual basis. After the fashion of Akbar we must revive the Spirit of Religion which is triune: She illumines our mind by Wisdom, She uplifts our heart by Devotion, She energizes our deeds by Sacrifice.—EDS.]

Akbar, the Great Mogul, singularly combined in himself the religious tendencies of a mystic, the sensitiveness and imagination of an artist, the fighting qualities of a warrior, and the tact and foresight of a statesman. Though he was born in India, he had no Indian blood in his veins. The Turk, Mogul and Persian strains

of blood were responsible for the traits of character in Akbar in so far as they depended upon heredity. Similarly, the distinctive manners and customs of his court were derived from non-Indian sources. The officers and courtiers were mostly Turks and Persians. Hence Indian influences counted for little in the first period of his life and reign. In spite of those early foreign surroundings, the religion of Akbar's mature mind was such that Hindus reputed him, strange as it may seem, to be a reincarnation of a Brahman sage; Mohammadans claimed him as a pious Muslim; Jain writers counted him among their devout converts, and others found reasonable ground for affirming him to be a Zoroastrian or a Christian. He was, indeed, exalted to the loftiest rank among religious men. What charm then did Akbar possess that made him the beloved of all seekers after truth? How did he become all in all to every religious community in an empire subjected to furious and frequent religious feuds?

* * *

As a boy Akbar was brought up under strict Islamic discipline. When he was but five years old, Humayun, his father, sent for celebrated teachers to instruct him in religion and statecraft. But young Akbar was more fond of animals than books, and devoted much of his time to camels, horses, dogs and pigeons. He resisted all attempts of his father to give him book-learning, so much so, that he never mastered the alphabet,

and to the time of his death was unable to read or sign his own name. He had, however, a remarkable capacity for listening, and would absorb selected passages in poetry, history, philosophy, and theology as others read for him for hours. Thus he developed an appreciation of the value of learning, and his royal library, is said to have contained some 24,000 volumes. He loved the arts, promoted architecture, encouraged sculpture and painting, and showed an extravagant liking for music and singing.

In spite of the exacting demands made upon him by the affairs of the state, Akbar showed an unusual interest in all matters pertaining to religion. He was brought up in the ways of a devout Muslim. For the purpose of praying while on tour, he had a lofty tent constructed as a travelling mosque, in which he offered prayer five times a day. At one time he earnestly desired to go on pilgrimage to Mecca, but later abandoned the plan as his officers opposed it strongly in the interest of the state. However, his zeal and devotion were so great that, since he himself could not go, he issued a proclamation to the effect that any one who wished to go on a pilgrimage would be financed by the state. At another time, when Sultan Khwāja was given a send-off as leader of the pilgrim caravan, Akbar donned the attire of a pilgrim and followed the Khwāja for some distance on foot as a symbolic pilgrimage.

* * *

He made an exhaustive and critical study of the Koran, and his passionate desire to know more about the different schools of Muslim thought led to the erection of a "House of Worship" in the year 1575. To this place Akbar invited distinguished Mohammedan scholars to hold debates and discourses on the beliefs of the various Muslim sects. Presiding over these meetings, he kept the peace of the house, whenever the disputes became heated, with much tact and good temper. As he himself was a strict Musalman at this time, the experts invited to participate in and listen to the discussions were confined to the four classes of Muslims,—the Shaikhs or holy men, the Syyids or eminent descendants of the Prophet, the Ulama or doctors learned in the law, and lastly the Amirs or nobles of the court.

The debates held every week in the House of Worship began at some time after sunset on Thursday evening which, according to the Mohammedan calendar, is reckoned as part of Friday, and were often continued till noon of that day. The scholarly discourses helped immensely to clarify the issues for Akbar. Besides, they greatly stimulated his thinking and led him to an illumination otherwise impossible. While his belief in Deity became more and more deep-rooted, his rationalistic tendencies made him more and more sceptical about the doctrines of Islam. He resented the claims made for its authority and exclusiveness, and found no adequate

ground for affirming the truth of its inspiration. His belief in the resurrection of the body and eternal punishment were also shaken. With the advance of years he grew in knowledge and wisdom, and his unsatisfied quest for truth drove him to a critical investigation of other religions. The religious assembly was therefore thrown open to Hindus, Christians and adherents of diverse other faiths, and they were invited to debate with frankness the relative merits of their respective creeds. Thus it was that, under the hospitality of the Emperor Akbar, the first Parliament of Religions in the history of the world came to be held in India. In this manner he made an earnest attempt to make a comparative study of religions and evaluate their excellences.

Even as he roamed among people, Akbar frequently sought intercourse with fakirs and yogins to discuss with them the problems of life and share their religious experiences. Thus he came under the influence of Mīr Abdul Latīf, a Persian teacher, who introduced him to the mysticism of the Dīwān of Hafiz. To discuss religious matters, Akbar often called upon Amar Das, the third Sikh Guru, offering him costly presents and partaking of his simple fare. His friendly relations with the learned lady Mīrābāi, wife of the Rānā of Udayapur, initiated him into the doctrines of Vaishnavism. With the help of the famous Dastur Meherjee Rānā of Nausārī,

in Gujarāt, he acquired an intelligent understanding of the creed, ceremonies and philosophy of Irān. Eminent Jain scholars, such as Hīravijaya Sūri, Vijayasena Sūri and Bhānuchandra Upādhyāya, made a profound impression upon Akbar and influenced his mode of life. He invited the wise Fathers of Goa to his court, and received instructions under them in the fundamentals of Christian belief.

From his early youth Akbar had been deeply interested in the mystery of the relation between God and man, and took delight in discussing the abstruse problems of that relation with men of deep religious insight. Besides such stimulating conversations, the frequent debates, frank and furious, in the Parliament of Religions provided him with ample food for thought. The comparative study of the different faiths of mankind liberated his spacious mind from the bondage of orthodoxy. His diligent search led him finally to the conclusion that different faiths emphasised different aspects of reality, and that no one religion could lay claim to a monopoly of truth. And the conviction that all creeds—having as founders divinely inspired men—came from a single source, the Divine Wisdom, grew upon him.

Therefore, much as he admired certain aspects of the four main creeds, he could not bring himself to embrace whole-heartedly any one of them. Their rival claims only drove him desperately to cherish the dream of founding a

new and improved religion in his dominions, which, he hoped, would prove to be not only a synthesis of all the clashing creeds but also capable of uniting the various discordant elements of his vast empire. To consider this pressing need carefully, Akbar summoned a General Council of all the masters of learning and the military commandants of the neighbouring cities and, after much deliberation, avowed publicly for the first time in 1582 his project of establishing a universal religion in his kingdom. Akbar's new religion, the Dīn-i-Ilāhī, was a synthesis of the material he had gathered from the several religions and systems of philosophy with which he was familiar.

To Akbar religion was not merely a manner of thinking, it was even more a way of living. He began therefore to conduct his life in the light of what he considered to be the best teachings of different religions. Islam indoctrinated him in the belief in one God, to which he clung to the last days of his life. In obedience to the teaching of Jainism, he abstained almost wholly from eating flesh, renounced his beloved sport of hunting and restricted the practice of fishing. He was drawn to Christianity by its power to change the lives of men. He entertained Jesuit Fathers at his court and made them build a church in the palace, and there he often attended Christian worship. Although their attitude was uncompromising and fanatical,

Akbar protected them and asked them to instruct his people in Christian morals. Though the doctrines of the Trinity, of the virgin birth of Jesus, and his death upon the cross were not acceptable to Akbar, the ethical teaching of Christ had a fascination for him. He often subscribed his letters with the sign of the cross and, as symbols of his appreciation of Christianity, he wore round his neck a cross and a locket containing the portraits of Jesus and the Virgin Mary. The potent influence of Zoroastrianism on Akbar manifested itself outwardly in his reverence of fire. The sun, according to Hinduism, is the source of the ripening of the grain on the fields, of fruits and vegetables; the illumination of the universe and the lives of all living creatures are said to depend upon it. Akbar therefore thought it but proper to worship the sun and fire, and began to prostrate himself in public before them. He even required the whole court to rise respectfully when the lamps and candles were lighted. Further, in compliance with the demands of the Zoroastrian ritual, he adopted the Persian names for the months and days and celebrated the fourteen Persian festivals. He wore under his clothes the sacred shirt and girdle of the Parsee. While he had no use for the idolatrous practices of Hinduism, he adopted readily such doctrines and customs as appealed to his reason. Sometimes he would even appear in public with Hindu religious marks

on his forehead. Having become a firm believer in religious tolerance, he allowed freely to others the right to make their own experiments, discover the line of teaching which revealed religion most to them, and then adopt only those beliefs which gave them the best personal satisfaction.

* * *

This new religious movement was followed by the inauguration of many moral and social reforms. Akbar enacted laws to put an end to the cruel custom of Sati. He made regulations permitting widow remarriage and prohibiting child-marriage. Through legislation he sought to control the sale of liquor, to raise the standard of morality, and promote chastity. The general destruction of animals was disallowed and animal food was partially forbidden. Out of respect for the sentiments of the Hindus, the slaughter of cows was prohibited and made a capital offence. Most of such reforms and innovations were introduced by Akbar for the main purpose of furthering the adoption of Hindu, Jain, Parsee and Christian practices. The adoption of the best usages of different communities, he believed, would go far towards fostering the spirit of tolerance and mutual sympathy, and minimizing the dissimilarities which make for separatism and national disunity.

This unique attempt of Akbar to establish a universal religion and inculcate a spirit of catholicity, is described by a European writer as "a policy of calculated

hypocrisy". Akbar certainly was a diplomat of the first rank, but the fact that he often introduced radical changes in the teeth of fanatical opposition, risking grave dangers to the throne and his own life, makes it difficult for a sympathetic critic to doubt the sincerity of his effort in this direction. Further, from his boyhood up he had given evidence of pronounced religious tendencies. A mere following up of the several stages in his spiritual growth clearly shows how the evolution of Akbar's universal religion was the most natural and logical outcome of the development of his religious consciousness. Even from the political point of view the formulation of a universal religion seemed to him essential for the solution of the problem of disunity.

Akbar perceived that it was politically unsound to have a nation divided up into many religious factions, while the empire is ruled by one head. While religions divide, the true spirit of Religion,

he believed, would bind; and therefore he thought it imperative to bring all the religions into one in such a fashion that they should be both "one" and "all," with the advantage of not losing what is good in any one religion, while gaining whatever is better in another. The best way of doing honour to God, giving peace to the people and security to the empire, seemed to lie, as he saw it, in a synthesis of the diverse faiths. Hence Akbar set for himself the stupendous task of realizing unity in diversity, of establishing a synthesis amidst variety. Few have shown so clearly the true way out of our perplexing problems—religious hatred and national disunity. In view of all he did to promote religious liberality and national solidarity, we may say that Akbar fully justified the name given to him at birth, and that Humayun rightly called his infant son "Jalālu-d dīn," the Splendour of Religion.

JAGADISAN M. KUMARAPPA

II

AMMONIUS SACCAS

[Geoffrey West has made biography his special field, and though but at almost the beginning of his career he has already made his mark. Several contributions from his pen have appeared in our pages; in some respects perhaps this is the best.

Even more than the effort of Akbar the effort of Ammonius is Theosophical, and we might correctly describe his Neo-Platonic system as a direct emanation of the Wisdom-Religion. If the beneficent work of Akbar has an inspiring message for India and provides her with a model to copy, the grand labours of Ammonius serve the whole world.—EDS.]

Of most great men it has been said that they were born before their times. Perhaps it would be

truer to say of each of them that he was born punctual to his time. The Hour waited, and the Man

came. Yet of few is this truer than of the founder of Neoplatonism, Ammonius Saccas of Alexandria. It is overmuch to say that men looked for his coming, but if he had not come . . . it would have been necessary to invent him! He not only crowned but he completed the special achievement of Alexandrian philosophy; in the appearance of chaos he revealed the reality of order.

The religious mentality which prevailed throughout most of the civilised world in the second century A. D. in some respects resembled that with which we are familiar to-day. The *pax Romana* brought into contact men of many races and yet more diverse faiths, and the curious regarded the multiplication of the gods and doubted. An easy scepticism bred an equally easy credulity; superstition was rife. Alexandria in the lifetime of Ammonius presented a microcosm of the Imperial macrocosm. It stood at the peak of its prosperity and pride, second only to Rome and the world's greatest port. It was a cosmopolitan city, long ago fathered by a regnant Greece upon a consort Egypt, and now besides, in the course of the years, become the most virile centre of Jewish culture of the day. The produce of Orient and Occident was bartered to and fro across its quays by men of all the nations, permanent colonies of foreign merchants even from far India were settled in the town, and with them came students also to the ancient and famous university of the Museum and Library.

East and West met here to exchange not only goods but ideas as well, and though in the wide streets mob passions ran sometimes high and racial and religious tumults and massacres were not unknown, among the wiser students of the lecture-rooms a tradition of tolerance and desire for mutual understanding had long been established. The sustained Alexandrian tendency was indeed towards a liberal eclecticism, philosophical in nature but religious in implication and effect, and even from as early as the second century B.C. men of every school revealed it increasingly. It actually penetrated the Christian Catechetical School, so that one preceptor, the amiable Clement—himself a converted pagan and ardent Platonist—openly taught his pupils that truth persisted even in the heathen philosophies and mythologies, though each preserved only an isolated fragment, and all must be considered in conjunction if error were to be avoided. This attitude—when all its inalienable implications are allowed—may be said to represent the final flower of Alexandrian eclecticism before Ammonius. What he did, to deserve more than either Philo or Numenius the title of founder of that school from which the term Theosophy dates but which has somewhat obscured its nature under the name of Neoplatonism, was, as it were, to reverse that half-truth and to reveal the higher verity that every religion, rightly interpreted, possesses all the vital doctrines of true religion, that

these doctrines are in every case identical, and that, moreover, they derive from a single source.

Ammonius Saccas was born in Alexandria about the year 160 A. D., and lived and died there. His parents were poor, and Christians. He became in youth a corn-porter at the docks—whence his distinguishing name of Saccas, the sack-carrier—but continued to attend the Catechetical School. Yet from childhood he had revolted against the simpler Christian dogmatism, and even the liberal teachings of Clement and Pantaenus (a converted Stoic who had travelled much in the East) could not satisfy him, so that, ever tireless in seeking knowledge, he became at the same time a pupil of certain non-Christian lecturers, casting the net of his inquiring mind as widely as possible, and drawing strange fish not only from Greek but Egyptian, Persian, and Indian streams of wisdom. He held, however, the balance between them all, for it was said that he had no instructor in philosophy—that is, he acknowledged no teacher as his master. But such was his wisdom that men could not believe it self-attained, and called him *Theodidaktos*, or god-taught, saying that divine truth was revealed to him in dreams and visions. How long the preparatory stage of initiation lasted none can say. It is unlikely that he established his own school much before the age of forty,* yet by the end of the first decade of

the new century he was already one of the most illustrious teachers in Alexandria, his lectures being attended by the famous Origen, head of the Catechetical School from 203 to 215. The controversy as to whether Ammonius ever openly renounced Christianity centres about this pupilship of Origen. Would a Christian teacher, ask some, have attended the lectures of an apostate? On the other hand it must be pointed out that Alexandria was then the one place in the world where Christianity did meet on equal terms with heathen faiths and philosophies, and further it is declared that Origen went to him specifically to study heathen philosophy at its best that he might the more ably combat it. The point is not an important one. Ammonius acknowledged all religions; he revered Jesus pre-eminently as a great seer, not god-born perhaps, but certainly like himself god-taught.

So far as we may judge by the practice of Plotinus, apparently based upon that of his master, Ammonius was as a teacher no dogmatic instructor. He gave of his wisdom, but knew that understanding must be positive not passive, an imaginative and spiritual process not merely an effort of the memory. His method was to read some wise passage, and then to make his pupils follow him in commenting upon it; he encouraged them to question him freely. All his instruction was

* H. P. Blavatsky gives 193 A. D. as the year when Ammonius founded the School. See her Theosophical Glossary "Alexandrian School".—Eds.

given by word of mouth, and though various works on the Gospels and on Aristotle have been ascribed to him it seems certain that he wrote nothing. At no time did he lack pupils, and in fact received the admiration and support of some of the most eminent Christian, Jewish, Greek, and other Alexandrian teachers of the day. Among his most intimate disciples were numbered Longinus the critic, Erennius, another Origen (a pagan), and, of course, Plotinus, who had come to the university at the age of twenty-seven to study philosophy, and for a year sought saddened and discouraged for a worthy instructor until at last a friend brought him to Ammonius. He heard his future master speak but once, and exclaimed: "This was the man I was looking for." Thenceforward for eleven years—until the death of Ammonius in 243—he continued the most steadfast and devoted of all the small inner circle of students.

The principal effort of Ammonius as a public teacher was to reconcile to the Platonic system the tenets of every school and sect, whether of Greece, or Egypt, or the East, thus demonstrating the basic teachings of all the great sages from Buddha and Pythagoras to Plato and Jesus, however superficially cast into the language of their times and places, to be essentially one, fruit of a single tree of Divine Wisdom and revelation. He sought earnestly to purge the prevailing polytheisms of their vulgar superstitions by

revealing their sacred legends as allegories expressive of spiritual truths. Opinion ascribes to him a primary if not a sole part in the final fusion of the Platonic creative World-Spirit, the Aristotelean Intelligence, and the Pythagorean Monad into the Neoplatonic Trinity of (1) the One, absolute, incomprehensible, infinite, indefinable, supreme; (2) the Universal Mind or Intellectual Principle which contains the Thoughts or Ideas of all things, and by thinking creates; (3) the Universal Soul which, radiated down through the hierarchies of the gods, angels, demons, men, animals, plants, and minerals to the lowest point of matter, is the universe we perceive. He achieved both the final definition of the One as, in the phrase of Plotinus, "beyond all being in majesty and power," and the essential identification of the Ideas with the Intelligence of God, a dual accomplishment declared by one Christian critic to "form the bridge between ancient and modern metaphysics". All, he taught, flowed from the One; all partook of the Nature of the One; all sought to return to the One—and his highest teaching in fact promised mystic communion with the One. But this was a teaching only for the few, demanding as it did a purity equal to that for which he himself was noted. (Plotinus wrote on this point: "If the eye that ventures the vision be dimmed by vice, impure or weak, then it sees nothing even though another point to what lies plain before it. To any vision must be brought an eye

adapted to what is to be seen, and having some resemblance to it.") To the many he advised, with the sanity that always characterised him, a natural life in accordance with the laws and customs of their land and faith; only before his own disciples did he set up the ideal of "a God-like life," a severe but wholesome asceticism. And only to these disciples, and under an injunction of secrecy, did he teach the more sublime doctrines and mystical practices, the Wisdom said to have been handed down by Initiates in many countries of the East, and to have been brought by Hermes from India to Egypt. To them alone he revealed the theurgical—the so-called magical—attainments which the more ignorant would certainly have regarded as miraculous.

When at last Ammonius died his school was scattered: there remained in Alexandria not one pupil able to carry on the tradition of his teaching. Plotinus might have done so, but he, released at last from his discipleship, desired to study the wisdom of Persia and India at first hand, and travelled eastward with the Emperor Gordian's expedition against the Parthians. But Gordian was murdered, and Plotinus retraced his tracks not to Alexandria but to Rome. There he lived privately for some years, bound by the vow of secrecy Ammonius had laid upon his followers. But the pact was broken by Erennius and the pagan Origen, and Plotinus found himself free to teach, though for ten more years

he did so orally only, and would commit nothing to writing. Towards his last years, however, he relented—fortunately, for his works are indeed the main source of our knowledge of the exoteric teachings of Ammonius. (The few hundred words on the immateriality of the soul, and again on the relation of soul and body, quoted by Nemesius in his treatise *On Human Nature* a hundred and fifty years after their supposed author's death, deal with limited though important aspects, and are in any case not certainly authentic.) Through the influence of Plotinus these teachings became for three hundred years the primary philosophical influence throughout the Empire, and when at last dogmatic Christianity conquered they had so permeated the very thought of the Church that they were carried onward as a heritage to the world by the very power which desired to extinguish them. Yet the death of the Neoplatonist Hypatia, barbarously killed by a Christian mob, was the death also of Alexandrian philosophy. . . .

Of the esoteric doctrines who shall say? Such figures as Iamblichus and Maximus more than hint at the active practice of theurgical powers, but in general one suspects a tendency to degradation and misuse. One of the pupils of Ammonius himself, it is recorded, sought to bewitch Plotinus, and there are other instances wherein the black magic blots ominously across the white. With the victory of the orthodox faith

Theosophy exoteric and esoteric sank into obscurity, persistent perhaps but secret. The effort was not wasted, but the world was blind. Perhaps in one sense Ammonius Saccas *was* before his time, but only in that sense which is

itself the condition of his importance. It is the fate of greatness always to be a torch which feeds upon itself to light the surrounding darkness. In broad daylight it would be merely superfluous.

GEOFFREY WEST

AKBAR—THE HEALER

(From *Ayeen Akbary*, by Abul Fasl-Allami, translated by Francis Gladwin.)

In his infancy, he involuntarily performed such actions as astonished the beholders; and when at length, contrary to his inclination, those wonderful actions exceeded all bounds, and became discernible to every one, he considered it to be the will of the Almighty, that he should lead men in the paths of righteousness, and began to teach; thus satisfying the thirsty who were wandering in the wilderness of enquiry. Not a day passes but people bring cups of water to the palace, beseeching him to breathe upon them. He, who is privy to the secrets of heaven, reads the decrees of fate, and, if tidings of hope are received, takes the water from the suppliant, places it in the sun's rays, and then having bestowed upon it his auspicious breath, returns it. Also many whose diseases are deemed incurable, entreat him to breathe upon them, and are thereby restored to health.

The most striking proof of his miraculous powers is the following: A talkative ignorant recluse said, "If there be any latent good in me, it behoveth you to bring it to perfection;" and having so said he fell down in a trance at the threshold of the palace. The day was not ended before he obtained his wish.

His Majesty, out of his great wisdom, is very backward in granting this request, excusing himself by saying, "How shall I teach, till I have myself been instructed?" But if there be in any one evident signs of truth, and he is very importunate, he is accepted; and on Sunday, when the sun is in the meridian, obtains his heart's desire. And from beholding these wonders, thousands of every persuasion have believed on him.

The person who wants to be initiated in all righteousness, places his turband in the palm of his hand, and putting his head upon his His Majesty's feet, saith, "I have cast away my presumption and selfishness, which were the cause of various evils, and am come a suppliant, vowing to devote the remainder of my life in this world, to the attainment of immortality." Then His Majesty stretches out the hand of favour, raises up the suppliant, replaces his turband upon his head, saying, "My prayers are addressed to Heaven for your support, in order that your aspiring inclinations may bring you from seeming existence, unto real existence." He then gives him the Shust, upon which is engraven one of the *great names* of God and the words "Allah Akbar"; that he may be instructed in the following verse:

"The Pure Shust, and the pure sight, never err."

THE CIVILISED USE OF WORK AND LEISURE

[C. E. M. Joad is better known as a philosopher than as a civil servant, in which latter capacity he has "drudged" in the Ministry of Labour. He raises vital issues in this article. If Unemployment is one phase of this Machine Civilization, the Leisure problem is another. Perhaps the most acute aspect of Unemployment is not so much the financial embarrassment involved, as the pathetic and perilous manifestation of the attitude of the millions without work towards time that now hangs heavy on their idle hands.]

Compare the condition of the western waiting Unemployed with the eastern wandering Sadhus, who are for the most part ordinary beggars. Both classes are a heavy economic drain. There is philosophical make-belief on the part of both—the one blames the capitalistic state, the other exonerates itself because of its privileged position in soul-unfoldment; while both outlooks are but excuses.

Western unemployment shows that education of the kind imparted at present offers no solution of the difficulty; it affords no relief to the individual. Eastern beggary shows that lack of mental training causes loss of moral integrity, thus also degrading the individual. A moral culture, which is a proper blend of crafts and arts, of physiology and psychology, of physics and metaphysics, alone will save the individual. Theosophy brings contentment through its teaching of Karma, which is not Kismet or fate, but the action of divine discontent—that urge of the Spirit which soon reveals that Sacrifice is the Law of Life, that man grows in place and power not by claiming and acquiring rights but by recognizing and performing duties.

In three Sanskrit words lies the solution of the problem so interestingly presented by Mr. Joad. Karma—Deliberate Action; Dharma—doing Duty by all duties; and Yagna—Sacrifice, not only doing something with what we possess, but also at the same time becoming a channel of uplift for all we contact (See p. 345 *et seq.*).—EDS]

That the knowledge of how to use one's leisure is the measure of one's capacity for the good life is a philosophical commonplace. That this knowledge is an almost universal possession of civilised man is a delusion no less common. The source of this delusion lies in the presumption that, since most people contrive to enjoy their holidays, it must be inferred that they know how to spend them. The inference is, however, mistaken. People enjoy their holidays not because they know how to spend them, but because they are short. Almost everybody suffers from overstrain and overwork: hence the mere relief from burdensome routine is experienced as a pleasure and causes the holiday-maker to think that he is endowed by nature or civilisation with the knowledge of how to make the best and most pleasurable use of his time. Hence too the widespread assumption that any fool with money in his pocket and a fortnight at the seaside will know how to enjoy himself. And so he does for a fortnight; but, should the allotted fortnight be unexpectedly prolonged, how bored he becomes. Bankrupt of occupation, stranded in the arid wastes of the desert of time, he

glimpses the truth of Shaw's remark that the best definition of hell is a perpetual holiday.

To gauge the capacity of the contemporary Westerner for leisure—using it is necessary to consider not those whose leisure is a brief and rare interlude in a routine of work, but those who are enabled by economic circumstances to spend their time as they please, whose lives are, in fact, all leisure in the sense that they may do with them as they will. You will find these people most of the year round on the Riviera, where you will find also an industry that exists for the sole purpose of catering for their amusements. It is a fundamental principle among those engaged in this industry that their clients can never stand any amusement for more than an hour. Before the hour is over they become bored, and, like spoilt children tiring of their toys, must be amused with something else. They spend an hour in sun bathing, an hour at a motor rally, an hour at polo, an hour at cocktails and reading the papers in the sun. The theatre thoughtfully provides long intervals so that people may gamble as a relief from watching the play, and there is dancing as a relief from gambling. In general the horizon of their entertainment is bounded on the one side by sport and on the other by machines. For sport they hit small round pieces of matter about with long thin ones in the shape of racquets, bats, clubs, cues, sticks and mallets, and introduce pieces of metal

into the bodies of birds and beasts from a distance. They have a particular penchant on the Riviera for shooting half blinded pigeons. For the rest—they propel themselves rapidly across the earth's surface in pieces of mechanism, step on throttles, insert coins in metal slots, crowd through clicking turnstiles, and rush headlong through the air in aeroplanes. The pursuits of our unoccupied rich are, in fact, the pursuits of children, and their amusements are centred upon toys. Conceive some mature human being, Buddha, say, or Plato, or Goethe, amusing himself with these toys, and in the absurdity of the notion you have the measure of the immaturity of our tastes.

With the inability to concentrate upon any amusement for more than an hour goes an incapacity to stay in any place for more than a month. The amusements, it is true, are the same in all places, but some relief is afforded by sampling the same amusements in different places, and we have the spectacle of the contemporary rich American, who in continuous transit across the Atlantic seems to be in perpetual flight from something which is lying in wait for him on whichever side of the Atlantic he happens to be. This something is boredom which is the Nemesis which attends those who misuse their leisure.

"But," you will say, "the impotencies and follies of the idle rich do not concern the issue. The idle rich form less than one

per cent of a modern community, and are of no more interest to me than they appear to be to themselves. I am an ordinary worker with a fortnight or at most a month's holiday in the year. In that fortnight I never have time to be bored, and, although that unexpected prolongation you spoke of might conceivably embarrass me, my holiday has never been prolonged yet, and I am only too ready to take the chance."

I agree, but consider the future. Do you not see that the whole tendency of modern civilisation is to increase leisure and wealth, that its ideal is, in fact, to place you in the position of the very rich people whose employments you despise? Admittedly many things may happen to prevent the realisation of that ideal, another war, for example, or a revolution, or a world shortage (or surplus) of commodities.

But suppose that all goes for the best in the best of economic worlds, that the intensive application of science to industry results in a progressive increase of commodities and a progressive diminution of hours of labour, and that modern industrial civilisation reaches its logical development in an economic millennium of plenty and comfort. Suppose, in fact, that what Socialism urges is true, and that, given the resources of modern civilisation, there is no reason why men and women should not ultimately be assured of an ample livelihood in return for three or four hours machine minding a day. Assuming that these

things are true—and I think that they are—will not most of us be endowed with leisure approximating to that which forms such an embarrassment to the contemporary, unemployed rich? And have we any right to suppose that it will be less of an embarrassment to us than it is to them?

Listen to the Americans, who already envisage themselves in the millennial economic conditions I have sketched.

We are creating more and more leisure through mechanical industry, and we are moving more and more people to the cities; yet education has not fitted the minds of these millions so that they can really enjoy, much less profit by their leisure. Our cities of say 250,000 cannot support symphonies, grand operas, lecture courses. They can support the cinema and the boxing match.

So Dr. William Cooper, Federal Commissioner of Education, in a recent report on the educational system in the United States. He goes on to suggest that a race is now being run between the machines, which are forcing leisure on man, and education, which is seeking to prepare man for the new kind of "work" which leisure will demand.

It is clear, then, is it not, that Western society has only to develop a little further on its present economic lines for the right employment of leisure to constitute its greatest problem?

But the mention of Socialism brings up another objector. There is, he asserts, a peculiar virtue latent in working class folk which would preserve their lives from

the triviality of the idle bourgeois. The workers thirst for culture; thwarted by the present circumstances of their lives, this longing would, it is said, under the economic conditions which Socialism would introduce, result in a population devoted to the pursuit of knowledge and the cultivation of their æsthetic sensibilities.

It may be so; I hope that it would be so, but I doubt it. To me the tastes of the working man, making allowance for the differences in respective purchasing powers, seem to be very like those of his bourgeois economic superior. He approves the capitalist universe, and desires no other for himself, with one qualification—he would like a different division of the spoil. To see himself in the employers' shoes is the shining vision that attracts the proletarian and spurs him to revolution; a breakfast of three courses to be followed by a day's huntin' and shootin', a hot bath and evening dress, cocktails, a five course dinner, and then the torpor of an overtaxed digestion relieved by a little bridge or a perusal of illustrated papers warranted not to excite comment or provoke thought, would be, I cannot help thinking, as acceptable to the revolutionary miner as to the reactionary coal owner.

The truth is that the tastes of the upper classes dominate all strata of contemporary society; and, except in Russia, where Puritan standards prevail, I see no reason to suppose that, given present conceptions of leisure using,

the time of an emancipated working class would be any more profitably employed than that of the idle rich it derides. I say profitably, but is "profitably" equivalent to "enjoyably"? The point is important and must be considered. If the present use of leisure really produced enjoyment, then it would be at least defensible. Its admitted failure to give us beauty, knowledge or enlightenment might be forgiven, if it really pleased.

But does it? Clearly it does not, and clearly, I think, inevitably, it does not. The pursuits I have indicated all rest upon a common conception, namely, that the only appropriate occupation for leisure is the search for pleasure. We must, we insist, be amused, and, since most of us have lost the art of amusing ourselves, we rely upon machines to do for us what we can no longer do for one another. Now the conception of pleasure implied by this perpetual demand for amusement rests upon a delusion. The delusion is that pleasure can be achieved by direct pursuit. This delusion springs from a fundamental misconception of the nature of life. Life, as Schopenhauer pointed out long ago, is a restless ever-changing urge, expressing itself in a continual series of needs and wants. Wanting is a pain and provokes the individual to take steps to satisfy the want. Satisfaction brings pleasure but only for a moment, since the old want is immediately succeeded by a new one. Now, since satisfaction con-

sists merely in deliverance from the pain of need, and since, when it is satisfied, the need ceases, it is clear that the pleasure depends upon the satisfaction of pent up need, and by its very nature must be transitory, since it does not outlive the need whose satisfaction it attends. Hence those who seek to live a life of pleasure make a double mistake; they endeavour to obtain pleasure without undergoing the pain of the preceding need, and they endeavour to prolong pleasure, whose nature is fleeting, with a view to its continued enjoyment. But in proportion as pleasures increase the capacity for them diminishes, since what is customary is no longer felt as a pleasure. The penalty we pay for these mistakes is boredom and satiety.

Applying these general principles to the gospel of "The Good Time," we detect its inevitable flaw. The "Good Time" must by its very nature be occasional, "Good Times" if persisted in become a necessity, but a necessity which bores, a dismal routine. You cannot take the kingdom of happiness by storm; for happiness is like coke a by-product. It came incidentally to enrich activities devoted to achieving something else. What else?

The answer, I think, is that it matters very little provided that the activity in question involves effort and endeavour. And by effort and endeavour I do not mean necessarily or even mainly effort and endeavour on the physical plane. Life has now in

civilised human beings evolved at a level at which it can no longer find its interests continuously engaged by the activities and adventures of the body. I mean effort and endeavour which call forth the use of our highest and most recently evolved faculties, the spiritual and the intellectual. Aristotle affirmed that the best life is to be found in the more or less continuous employment of our highest faculties upon tasks appropriate to them. To fit ourselves for such a life we must tune ourselves to concert pitch and maintain our faculties at cutting edge. Thus the effort and endeavour of the mind in intellectual and creative pursuits, interspersed with intervals of recreation in art and music and the conversation of one's friends, will, if I am right, provide ample occupation for the leisure of the future.

But here another difficulty arises. Such a life, it is obvious, is envisaged very largely in terms of work. It is in work, I contend, that salvation lies. Yet the work of the future, I have suggested, will be mainly machine minding. Is there not a contradiction here?

The attempt to resolve it brings me to an important point. The distinction which is commonly made between work and play, between labour and leisure is a false one. I do not mean that in the modern world it does not exist, but that it ought not to exist. It is one of the cardinal defects of our present civilisation that by entrusting the actual business of production to machines, it introduces this dist-

inaction in an acute form and perpetuates it. The business of attending to machines is not—it is obvious—such as to satisfy our creative impulses, or give men an instinctive joy in the labour of their hands. A man who works in a factory in company with machines must endeavour himself to become a machine. Like a machine he must confine his energies to the unending repetition of a single very limited process. Like a machine, he does not see the beginning or the end of what he does. Such work, it is obvious, cannot engage our interests or tax our faculties; on the contrary it destroys initiative, stifles spontaneity and is inimical to the life of the spirit. Human beings are not machines, and they cannot be turned into their likeness without losing most of what makes them human.

Men speak of the dignity of labour, of the joy of achievement, of the pride in work well done; but such expressions are a mockery when applied to the work of the slaves of the machines. Yet, as we are frequently told, we cannot put the clock back, we cannot de-industrialise our civilisation, and as I have tried to show above, machines are likely to become more important, and to take over more of the functions of production, as our civilisation develops; there will be more and more powerful machines in the world, not less.

Also, as I have tried to show, work demanding the exercise of effort and the display of talent is

a necessity to human beings, and the need for amusement which arises in its absence a tyranny. What is the inference? It is, I think, obvious: men must find in their leisure the satisfaction of which machines have robbed their so-called working lives. In other words the distinction between labour and leisure must be transcended. Given that the business of producing the necessities to enable society to function economically is to occupy not more than three or four hours a day, the need to find in our leisure an outlet for our need to create, to strive and to endure is obvious. We must work in our leisure not only because long leisure without work is intolerable, but because machines have usurped our work. In a word the sort of life which the sages have indicated must become the ideal of the leisure of the ordinary man.

Admittedly it is not given to all of us to be sages, creative artists or even scientists; but most of us possess some special talent or skill, some aptitude for learning or *flair* for organisation, in the exercise of which we can bring satisfaction to ourselves and confer benefit upon our fellows; and exercising them, we shall find our leisure fruitful.

And there is always the work of our hands. With the coming of machines the joy of craftsmanship has practically vanished from the world. Men do not do things with their hands; they feed, clean and tend the machines which do these things for them. How far

the need to do things with one's hands belongs to the childhood of the race, how far, as the race evolves, the practical life will be superseded by the life of thought I do not know, but the existence of the need to make things and to mess with things is at present undeniable.

Hence the truth that effort and endeavour constitute the proper occupation of leisure, that recreation, in short, is not necessarily relaxation, has, as might perhaps have been expected in the practical West first been recognised by those to whom effort naturally means effort of hand or limb, in other words, by the pursuers of hobbies. Men sweat on allotments, make rabbit hutches, endanger life and limb in rock climbing, manufacture wireless sets, and are happy. They are innocent of the life of thought, and cheerfully deny the existence of the spirit; but to work with one's hands is at any rate better than to laze in one's soul.

With the enormous increase in leisure I envisage and with the accession of energy that shorter working hours would involve, the principle of the hobby would be extended and glorified out of all recognition. Men would come fresh from the three or four hours' task-work that the production of necessities and the administration of society demanded, to their chosen study or pursuit.

Thus it is to a knowledge of the past in history or archæology, to

the understanding of the physical universe by science or the probing of the secrets of the universe by philosophy, to the creation of beauty in art and literature, to the training and discipline which are necessary for those who seek to know reality, in short to creating and to contemplation, that leisure, if it is to please and not to bore, will in the main be devoted.

Sport and social intercourse will still have their rôles, but they will be secondary ones; they will fall into their proper places as the adjuncts and relaxations of the good life. And men will insist on their right to occasional solitude. The need for country sights and sounds and for solitude to enjoy them is none the less strong because it is so seldom recognised. It is a need for which modern society, and in particularly modern conceptions of leisure make practically no provision, and because it is thwarted men lose resilience, and live tired and tiring lives. Taking a leaf out of the book of the religious orders, men will go into retreat for several weeks at a time. In solitude they will come to know themselves and in tranquillity to accumulate those reserves of energy and enthusiasm which the right use of leisure demands. Leisure should be a challenge to brace, not an invitation to relax; and to meet that challenge we require that our energies should be fresh and our faculties keen and unsated.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE ANDROGYNOUS UNIVERSE

ARDHA-NARI-ISHVARA

[N. Kasturi Iyer, M.A., B.L., of the Mysore University, writes on one of the sublime concepts of the Hindu Pantheon, which every student of Theosophy will read with interest—EDS.]

Ardhanariswara is the androgynous Deity of Hinduism—half man and half woman. This singular conception is as alive to-day as it was in the hey-day of Shaktism in Bengal. The cult of Shakti-worship borrowed it from earlier traditions. A festival in honour of Ardhanariswara falls on the last day of May, and devotees of Shiva and Shakti pay reverent homage to the nascent form of both.

Underlying all manifestation and coexistent with it, is the changeless, ego-less Brahman, not absolute Being but Existence or Be-ness. Becoming is due to Brahman getting agitated by the primal desire—"Ekôham bahusyâm"—"I am One; let me become many." This pre-cosmic ideation towards an expression by means of name and form is the first manifestation of Maya, which though latent in Brahman itself becomes distinct with the earliest step in manifestation. When Brahman is swathed by Maya, veiled with the primeval and eternal Ignorance, we have manifestation. This illusion can be transcended immediately the truth is perceived. Only through the Grace of Maya, it is said, can we hope to get a glimpse behind the veil and realise the utter falsity of our illusion. She

is the Mother and without Her there could be no manifestation. She is named the Terrible, *रुद्राणी*, for what greater terror can there be than this world of Her's which is a prison for souls? She is also the Bhavatārini, who helps us to cross the ocean of birth and death. Wherever there is Ichha (Desire), Jñāna (knowledge) and Kriyā (Action), it is Her Grace that rays forth and inspires.

Certain schools of Shākta philosophy distinguish three stages in the process of manifestation. First: the Primal Being "sleeps within Itself" uncontaminated by thought or will. Desire, or the female principle, is in the Avyakta or unspecialised stage. Second: the two principles, male and female, Purusha and Prakriti, Energy and Matter, Reality and Appearance, are just about to emerge. This is the Vyakta-Avyakta stage, where we cannot dwell on a concept of their opposition. This is the Ardhanariswara form. Third: Hara and Gowri, Shiva and Shakti, though fundamentally the same, have become distinct and definite. Name and Form have clothed creation in the garb of multiplicity and with the glitter of pleasure and pain.

Shāktas generally belong to three schools of worship, accord-

ing to the relative place they assign to Shiva and Shakti.

(1) The largest number consider Shakti as the predominant partner, and conceive of Kālī (the Goddess of Time) as dancing on the prostrate, inert body of Shiva, Her Consort. Shankara says: "Shiva can do nothing without Shakti" (Anandalahari). Referring to the Shakti aspects of the Hindu Trinity the *Kubjika Tantra* says, "Not Brahma but Brahmāni creates. It is Vaishnavi, not Vishnu, who protects; Rudrāni, not Rudra, who takes all things back. Their husbands are like dead bodies." The *Shakrādi Mahatmya* of Chandi prays: "May that Devi by whose power this world was spread, the perfect form of the powers of countless Devas, do good to me."

(2) The Saivites consider Shiva as dominant. They worship Shakti as the Consort, through whose intercession favours can be secured but who, at best, is only "the body" of Shiva. According to the Saivites of South India, the Shivatattva (Essential Principle of Shiva) is the undifferentiated, formless Entity. When it entertains the idea of modification it becomes Sadāshiva, and the Quality-full Sadāshiva is Mahesa, author of creation, preservation and destruction. The Ardhanariswara, according to them, is but one of the twenty-five sportive forms in which the Lord deigns to appear before his devotees.

(3) The third school considers Shiva and Shakti as equally powerful, or rather as equal

manifestations of the same substance—force. "They are like the serpent when coiled and uncoiled." Sri Ramakrishna said: "They are like the Nirguna (Quality-less) and the Saguna (Qualified) aspects of Deity. Like an iceberg which is solid arising out of and merging into the ocean, they are of the same substance." Kālidāsa, the great Sanskrit dramatist, in the initiatory verse of *Raghuvamsham*, prays to the Parents of the Universe who are perpetually allied as word and meaning. Many of the Tantras speak of Shiva and Shakti in the same breath, and with equal respect. How can you distinguish between them, they ask, when there is no difference? Even the difference of sex is not emphasised. The *Yamala Tantra* says: "Devi may be thought of as female or male, or as Nishkala (Unmodified) Brahman." They are like the strong man and his strength, the moon and the moonbeam, fire and its heat, the word and the meaning. The *Karpuradi Stotra* says: "He who is Shiva is also Shakti and She who is Shakti is also Shiva." "Each is the end attained by the penance of the other," says Appaya Dikshita of the South. The Tantras point out: "One Brahman, becoming dual, appears as Shiva and Shakti, and that aspect in which there is union of Shiva and Shakti is the Highest Absolute."

Thus arose the conception of Ardhanariswara, where the Saguna and the Nirguna aspects are merged in a wonderful synthesis

full of symbolic significance. Sex has no place in the highest concept of Deity, and the Ardhanariswara does not obtrude it upon our attention, though it dwells upon the difference of sex. Man and woman are inseparable and equal in all respects. They are one body evolving into two, but afraid and hesitant to separate. They are eternal companions, the leading actor and the leading actress in the Drama of Life enacted on the stage of Cosmos.

The images of Ardhanariswara by Indian craftsmen reveal a remarkable skill. The design boldly and successfully carries out an iconographic prescription and presents a sublime unity in which devotion expresses the tenderness, and dignity drowns the grotesque. The art of image or idol making in India is rigorously controlled and guided by standardised mathematical rules and conventions, but withal, the final result has a strange and enduring charm. In all images of Ardhanariswara the left half is Shakti, and the right, Shiva. Shiva wears the crown of matted hair, the leopard skin, the girdle of snakes: he carries in his arms the beggar's bowl formed out of a human skull; he has his body smeared with the ashes of destruction; he wears the crescent moon, and has the effulgent "third eye" of Inner Yogic Wisdom; in a word the half, depicting Shiva, depicts the Solitary Yogi of the Himalayas, the Ascetic of all Ascetics. The left half breathes peace and grace, in stern contrast to the solid right. The hair is well com-

bed, the half-dot (tilak) on the face is in continuation with the Divine Eye of Inner Light; the left eye has the collyrium paint and the left foot the henna juice; her hand is held in the Abhaya pose, the pose of refuge for all suffering mortals, the pose of Fearlessness.

To carve or paint or build such a conception and endow it with a sweet and appealing grace is possible only for the Indian philosopher-artist, for whom the significance of every symbol has become part of the sub-conscious mental equipment.

Metaphysically this dual form represents that there is but one Element in the Universe, and that androgynous. True Philosophers have ever proclaimed that all is Māyā save that One Androgynous Principle; its active aspect is attracted by the passive and the two are symbolised as Ananta, the Serpent of Eternity, that great Nāg, Dragon, which bites with its *active* head its passive tail. There is an incessant pursuit of the negative by the positive. These two universal Principles are the spiritual and material aspects of the One—the former is the unconscious but ever-active life-giver whose chief attribute is to expand and shed; that of the latter is to gather in and fecundate. Unconscious and non-existing when separated, they become consciousness and life when brought together.

H. P. Blavatsky in her *Isis Unveiled* (II, 452-3) reproduces an illustration of Ardhanariswara side

by side with one of the Hebraic Adonai. The similarity is remarkable. That picture of Ardhanari is different, however, in detail, from the one above described; there are two representations to be found also in Moore's *Hindu Pantheon*. All three figures of the Androgynous Deity, as also that of Adonai which the Hebrews copied from the Hindus, contain the faces of a Bull and a Lion.* As these mythic-forms convey not only a philosophical but also an astronomical and a spiritual or moral message, it is well to note the explanation which H. P. Blavatsky offers. She says (*Secret Doctrine* II, 533) that Ardha-Nari symbolises the third race of mankind during which the separation of the sexes took place, hermaphrodites giving place, to men and women. The Lion of the figure symbolises the strong and powerful fourth race of the Atlanteans, before its degradation into the Rākshasa race—

the noble lion degenerating into the tiger. The Bull (and the Cow) is the sacred symbol of our present fifth or Aryan Race, the parent-stock of which peopled India of yore.

We might close with the moral message of Ardha-Nāri-Ishvara. Each man has hidden within him his female nature; each woman her male character. Sex does not belong to the Soul, but to our personal animal-ego. Some virtues are more easily acquired in the male body, others in the female form. The One Supreme is above Shiva, Vishnu and Brahma and their three Shaktis or Consorts. So is the Spirit superior to male-individuality and female-personality. Through personality the Individual Human Soul manifests and unfolds. But beyond Individual Spirit is the Universal One Life which focusing its radiance on man makes of him a God.

N. KASTURI IYER

* Curiously enough, the Bull is the Vāhana or vehicle of Shiva, and the Lion, of Shakti. N. K.

SPIRITUAL UNREST IN AMERICA

[L. J. de Bekker, while *en route* to Japan, wrote for our January number on "Honolulu—The Outpost of Buddhist Missions". He had been travelling and in his last letter showed eagerness to come into touch with us—"If I could only give you a mail address." A few days ago news reached us that he died in Rome.

In this article he speaks of that which was very near to his heart—the spiritual renaissance of his country through the influence of Buddhism. We are convinced that it is the Light of the East alone which will set forth an intelligent programme of life, by which the Western mills will not succeed in grinding the immortal souls of men to powder and dust. That Light burns dim even in the East itself and cannot be utilized save by the steadying power of Theosophy—the Wisdom-Religion of the Aryans and their forebears.—EDS.]

It falls to the lot of the journalist to know—superficially, at least—people in every stratum of the vast organism which constitutes society, using the word in its largest sense. And in every stratum of society in the American republic the most striking phenomenon is that of spiritual unrest. It is all pervasive, all embracing. A minority only escapes, a minority which includes only those firmly grounded in the older forms of orthodox Christianity. The weakness even of this minority can easily be established by statistics. What, then, of the weakness of the vast majority of Americans, the so-called unchurched?

Not long ago I sat in the offices of a celebrated financier, a world power, one of those colossally striking successes whose achievements gain for America its reputation as a land of golden opportunity. The journalistic mission which had brought us together was at an end. But for some reason, not for any influence it might have on me, certainly not for quotation, he seemed desirous

of explaining himself. "I am bound to the wheel," he said, "and as I grow older I feel increasingly the need of leisure for meditation, for thought. I can't seem to find it."

More than any other man of his type I admired him. I knew the story of his rise from small beginnings, his career, singularly free from the cruelty and corruption that have so often darkened the lives of our Captains of Industry. I knew of his princely benefactions to art, his generosity to the artists themselves. I knew of his prodigious activity, his tireless energy. The phrase surprised me.

"Surely," I said, "there is nothing to keep you here unless it is love of the game. You cannot possibly require more money than you already possess, and the mere exercise of power cannot appeal to you."

"My personal affairs," he replied, "are in perfect order. I could retire to-morrow, and would be happy to do so. But in the course of many years of business

in Wall street, I have become more or less involved in the affairs of others, fiduciary relationships. I stay here to protect their interests, not my own."

* * *

Also bound to the wheel, although he probably had never heard the expression, was the old, half-blind mining operator who had just finished telling me the story of his life, and was trying to explain certain vast gifts to charity. His career, ending in the ownership of many millions, had been replete with turbulence and strife. He had fought his competitors, had fought labour, had fought politicians. He had beaten them all, and enjoyed every minute of the row. Then one day he had closed down his affairs, and stopped for a moment to think. He thought of his old mother. He remembered that she was always reading the Bible when she had a minute to spare from the household. He remembered that she had forced him into clean clothes once a week, and dragged him off to Sunday school; "Sabbath school," he called it. He wondered what she would think of her son and his millions, and what she would say if he could hand her \$500,000 and tell her to give it away. He did not tell me that when he mentioned these speculations to his old wife, she had broken into tears, and that together they had spent days and weeks in trying to figure out what the mother would have done with that \$500,000, and that having

given away this sum, they decided they might have been mistaken, and proceeded to give away more money. He did not know that he was trying to free himself from the wheel. He still is, and I think he is succeeding.

* * *

Leisure for meditation is not easily come by in industrial America, but to some of us it is a necessity. These men, so different in culture, in aspirations and in experience, obtruded themselves into my meditations, and were suddenly crowded out by a vague if commanding figure of an earlier period. Banker, industrialist, Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of a President of the United States, he too had been bound to the wheel. Rich, handsome, in the prime of life, the future seemed a boundless field for the play of this man's ambition. He too felt the need of leisure for meditation. He found it in the Theosophical colony at Point Loma, California.

* * *

Spiritual unrest, it would seem, is not an uncommon malady for American business men of the highest type. It would not be difficult to add to the list. But let us go to the other extreme, the clodhopper, the peasant, if peasants were possible in a democratic country. There arises the picture of the Rev. Brother Godby, the mountain evangelist, bent on saving souls at whatever cost to himself. A crude camp meeting ground in the southern highlands. The populace, of purest

Anglo-Saxon strain, illiterate, uncouth, clad in cotton prints and homespuns, seated on benches for a "revival," an orgy of religion following a year of brute existence of the most primitive kind. The Rev. Brother Godby has worked himself into a passion, prancing up and down his narrow platform and shouting denunciation of sin and sinners. "My brethering, my sistern," he says, "you're a hanging over Hell by the brittle thread o' life, and it may snap in a minute. Will you come up here and be saved, or go to Hell and be damned?" A rush for the mourners' bench, cries of "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" and examples of what a later generation has called "holy rolling"!

As to the great middle classes of America, while in the main they constitute the bulwark of Christian orthodoxy, they too are the victims of unrest. To this unrest is due the multitude of new thought teachers, of fortune tellers, astrologers, card-readers, and the smaller sects constantly springing up throughout the land, then dying of inertia. Sometimes the spiritual unrest of the middle classes produces really striking results. There was John Alexander Dowie, of Chicago, who clad himself in episcopal garments, grew a long white beard, and cultivated for pulpit use a modernized invective based upon the old Jewish prophets. Although he has gone to his reward, Zion City still flourishes, and its ruler declares that the world is flat, and proves it to the satisfaction of his

followers.

The Church of Christ Scientist has become a strong influence and is an active missionary body. Its stately temples are to be found in all the larger cities, its membership is probably the most zealous for advancement and more liberal for the support of a forward movement than can be found elsewhere. What does it matter where Mary Baker G. Eddy found her creed? What matter that Mrs. Stetson, leader of an heretical organization which proclaimed that she could never die, is dead? Their souls go marching on.

Greatest of all American inventions in religion, however, is that of the Latter Day Saints, founded by Joseph Smith, and taking its popular name of Mormon from the book of revelation he found at the beginning of his career as a prophet. Utah leads all other American States in its proportion of citizens who are enrolled as church members, and eighty-two per cent of its people belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. It is strongly entrenched in the surrounding States as well, and exerts an enormous political pressure upon occasion, although it was obliged some years ago to drop polygamous marriages, which had been an outstanding feature of its earlier history.

Of course the greatest religious power in the United States is the Roman Catholic Church. Of the Protestant bodies, the several groups of Methodists, if classed as one, come first, with the numerous

Baptist groups, if classed as one, second. The others trail along with varying degrees of popularity, wealth and influence. But all told, on the highest possible count, only fifty-five per cent of the adult population of the United States is claimed by the churches. Eliminating those whose attendance is merely nominal, and taking the population as a whole, the unchurched are in the majority. A small fraction of this majority finds Christianity in all its forms so offensive that, under various names, it has an active propaganda against the churches of all denominations. A much larger proportion is merely indifferent to religious life, and finds its outlet in the hundreds of secret and fraternal organizations which aim to afford the social relationships furnished abundantly in the societies of the churches themselves.

* * *

Is there not room in America for an altar to the unknown God, such as Paul found in Athens?

To be more exact, is not this the best of times in which to extend the Light of Asia so that the most remote corner of the western world shall be illuminated?

I do not believe that Americans are wholly materialists, that they are concerned only with money-making, with manufacturing, trade extension, politics and prohibition. Neither do I believe that they have the most elevated code of business conduct, the cleanest government, and the highest private morality to be

found anywhere on earth. I believe them to be neither better nor worse than the average of mankind elsewhere, and like mankind elsewhere to be in the main actuated by a desire for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as guaranteed by the Fathers of the Republic. But in this great period of spiritual unrest, born in war time, and intensified during these years of reconstruction, I believe that they are entitled to know about the Path, the Doctrine that leads to the Way of Peace. They have within the last few years developed a positive craving for instruction in philosophy and psychology. Books in popular form treating of these subjects have been best sellers. Lecturers on these subjects have found eager audiences awaiting them in all parts of the country.

The life of the Enlightened One, however, remains a closed book to them. Sir Edwin Arnold's great poem is, of course, known to all educated people, but then educated people are numerically unimportant everywhere. The libraries, even the best of them, are poor in recent and authoritative books on Buddhism. And there is no organization that I have heard of by which Americans interested in Buddhism can be brought together for their common interests. In that respect, the lack of organization, Buddhism is unique in America. In the city of New York alone there may be found centres for practically all the

religions of the world, including the Moslem. It is, comparatively, a tolerant city. It seems to take the view, (which has much to commend it), that any religion is better than no religion, and that no religion should be objected to which does not antagonize its neighbours.

Just at this time occidental interest in Indian affairs is keener than it has been since the Sepoy mutiny. The general conception of the Buddha is that which Wilhelm II sought to convey when he was having his famous outbreaks on the subject of the Yellow Peril. The Buddha, represented as a gigantic Idol, was being forced on the people of the

western world by sword and flame, with only Germania to intervene for them. How far this picture is from the truth every reader of THE ARYAN PATH knows perfectly, but such knowledge is not shared by the millions of the English speaking races, to whom it is important.

How good it would be if Americans could be brought to realize that there is no Yellow Peril save that which they, in combination with their European Allies, create! How good it would be if all the world could learn that if the Doctrine of the Buddha were understood and the Law he interpreted obeyed, there could never be another war!

L. J. DE BEKKER

Is it merely intellectual curiosity, or the pursuit of scientific truth, or mere love of history, which accounts for all the excavations, for all the critical study of Eastern literature, religion and philosophy, for the new interest in the brush-work and plastic art of the East? No: it is my deep conviction that all this augurs the emergence of a broader humanity. We are passing through a phase in the evolution of world thought; our capacity to take a wider measure of the world is becoming enlarged. Parochialism is yielding place to universal brotherhood, and in this lies the promise of the future.—COLONEL KAILAS NARAIN HAKSAR (*Indian Art & Letters*)

THE GIFT OF LOVE

[J. D. Beresford examines the vital problem of the moral standing of Society as reflected in modern books. He shows how men have lost the first Key which opens the Gates of the Temple of Inner Wisdom, that of Charity and Love Immortal.

The great Buddha taught that without the birth of Paramitas, Divine Virtues, evil cannot be conquered nor Nirvanic Bliss attained. Mr. Beresford writes in a practical manner, out of his own experience, which ought to provoke some to think out, and enable others to get an insight into, the problem.

Theosophy gives two steps to be taken by every aspirant:—(1) The removal of thought-entities which obsess the mind, and for which study of metaphysics and philosophy are essential; these purify the mind of its pollution and drive out the obsessing devils; (2) the opening of the bar of egoity which will enable the holy waters of the Paramitas to flow into channels which at present are dried and arid. The human heart pumps blood, symbol of Kama-atma, Personal-self, sending it to course through known channels called veins; it must be made to pump Amrita Nectar, symbol of Buddhi, Spiritual Soul through channels (Nādis) unknown to modern science, but fully known to Occultism. In Spiritual Soul, the Divine Virtues wait like Gods and Goddesses in space, silent, that is, passive. Knowledge, and will to apply it, enable a man to invoke these Gods, and he becomes a repository for their powers, as they actively labour under his order and direction.—EDS.]

"As the sacred River's roaring voice whereby all Nature-sounds are echoed back, so must the heart of him 'who in the stream would enter,' thrill in response to every sigh and thought of all that lives and breathes."

—THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

It will stand as a perpetual commentary and criticism of civilised life at the beginning of this fourth decade of the twentieth century, that contemporary literature so rarely contains any hint of that *universal* charity, key to the first of the seven gates to be opened by the pilgrim who seeks the Inner Wisdom. When the student of the future comes to review the philosophy, the biography, the drama, the essays, the fiction, even the very poetry published in the course of the past thirty years, he will surely feel that hate and dissension were the breath of our life, satire and

destruction the single method of our will to betterment.

The truth is that here in England we seem to be ashamed to write of "Dana, the golden key of charity and love immortal". The very word "love" has become unhallowed. Its use has been polluted by the ever-present associations of sex, so that even the love of man for man and woman for woman is regarded suspiciously, as though it were impossible to free it from the unholy taint of desire for a bodily expression. At the same time, possibly in some sort of reaction from this unhappy association, hatred has become

exalted into a kind of spurious virtue. A man is respected for being in the common phrase "a good-hater," which carries a suggestion that he has risen superior to the weakness of trying to propitiate his enemies. It is, no doubt, a good thing that we should admire courage and tenacity of purpose, the dominance of the spirit over the reluctant, pleasure-loving flesh. But courage and will, magnificent qualities as they are, may be misused, and however much they may excite the admiration of the weak, can become the instruments of evil.

The thought of our English disinclination to write of universal charity, our weakness in condemning this, that and the other fault in humanity because we fear to offend the opinions of the herd, has been much in my mind for the past few months. I had occasion recently to write of the work of Charles Dickens, and could not fail to be struck by what I believe to have been his occasionally assumed vindictiveness in punishing those of his characters whom he had portrayed as running counter to the conventional moral code of his period.

The timorousness of English writers in this respect is the more remarkable seeing that whenever some approach to universal love has been attempted, however tentatively, the work has always won approval. I will quote two convenient instances that occur to me, neither of them on the higher plane of thought, but both illustrative of the fact that on their own

level, they awakened a response from the crowd.

The first of these was Jerome K. Jerome's play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back". It was sentimental in treatment and conventional in plan, but the theme of one whose love, gentleness and willingness to self-sacrifice converted, by sheer force of example, the petty egotisms and self-seeking of those with whom he came in contact, was at least in the right tradition. The second instance on a rather higher literary level is *The Enchanted April* by Lady Russell, (more generally known as the Elizabeth of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*.) I have always been a warm admirer of this writer's wit, keen sense of character and rare literary skill, but in this book, she showed herself, also, potentially a teacher. The story itself is slight and, as usual, satirises the faults and mannerisms of average humanity. But one character, a woman in this case, is so beautifully conceived, her influence so perfectly indicated that I have always felt that the book had a truly spiritual influence. I have read it more than once and have never failed to find true beauty in it.

Yet this theme has found few imitators in fiction or the drama, and they have for the most part failed from a literary point of view, the reason almost certainly being that the writers themselves were incapable of feeling the love they attempted to describe. In another genre, however, Mr. L. P. Jacks, the Editor of the *Hib-*

bert Journal, has always impressed me as having the heart of this thing in his writing. In his stories, it has for the most part been implied rather than directly stated. He has shown his own gentleness and tolerance in his treatment of character rather than by any design to preach an ethic. But in a series of essays published last September under the title of *The Inner Sentinel*, there is much material that should be interesting to readers of THE ARYAN PATH, as illustrative of the tendency of one of our most cultured and scholarly writers.

He begins with an essay in "Religion Studied and Unstudied," in which the word "religion" may be taken as applying exclusively to the various sects and creeds of Europe and America. "In these days," he opens, "religion is being taken in hand by experts with a thoroughness unknown in any previous age. Sometimes the intentions are friendly, but as often not." From this he goes on to point out that "There is a marked tendency in many quarters to regard religion as a sick patient, in need of medical treatment, professionally administered," before coming to what is the true theme of the essay by saying: "And yet it may be doubted whether any man, since the world began, has ever been made religious by the study of religion."

This is a statement that needs certain qualifications, but is certainly true in the particular application I have indicated. Mr.

Jacks must here have been thinking of that submission to church dogmas, which is the typical, almost the only, example of the "study of religion" in Europe and America. It is not a "study" in any true sense, but appears as such in our western civilisation, since there is so little with which to contrast it. Its effect fully justifies our author in his broad statement. And, indeed, even in the larger sense it contains an appreciable element of truth, since a man studies religion because he is moved by the urgency of the seeker who has an inner sense of the desire for wisdom, and cannot properly be said to be "made religious" by his study.

The complete failure of inculcating the precepts of such a dogmatic creed as we find in the almost endless variety of Christian sects, is due to the fact that its precepts, ordinances and ethic are imposed from without. The disciple or convert—awed by the threat of punishment or lured by the promise of reward—accepts this teaching submissively as a child may learn a set lesson that it can repeat without understanding. In this relation of universal love, for instance, preached by Jesus and admirably elaborated in his most inspired moment by St. Paul, we find only in the rarest instances any appreciation of what is intended by "Dana," the definition of which I have quoted from *The Voice of the Silence*.

For no man or woman can love by making up his or her mind to do that thing and adopting charity

as a profession. Before love must come tolerance, a virtue which may be preached but cannot be practised by those creeds that are by hypothesis intolerant so far as they claim that salvation can be attained only by the adoption of their own particular set of beliefs and ordinances—whereby, as Mr. Jacks puts it, “our belief in God goes off into mere contentiousness of argument, than which no surer means could be found of destroying religion altogether.” And even this preliminary acquirement of tolerance necessitates for most of us a widening of vision, a gradual emergence from the slavery of those instinctive, worldly, and spiritual prejudices which are so characteristic of our western civilization.

In this thing, I speak not only from observation but out of my personal experience. It is easy to many to be charitable by condescension. If a stranger or even an enemy is in trouble, we find a glow of satisfaction in giving help, in conscious acts of generosity, in exhibiting ourselves to ourselves, even if not to others, as magnanimous and self-sacrificing. I do not deprecate such acts of generosity. I wish that there were many more people who practised them in this modern civilisation. But they are but the beginning of the acquirement of tolerance. Life would be easier and sweeter if in all the activities of everyday we extended this gentleness and kindness to all those with whom we came in contact; but we must go further. We must take the

step of being tolerant of intolerance in others.

This does not mean that we should smile approval of their methods and beliefs. Have I not in this article expressed something of my own impatience with the practice of the Christian code, as taught in the churches? But we must feel no anger against the individual whatever may be his profession or practice. Let me take an instance by way of illustration. To me nothing is so revolting as cruelty. The sight of a wanton hurt done to any living thing arouses a passion of resentment in me. Nevertheless, if I permit myself to be so far carried away by anger as to avenge that hurt on the perpetrator of it, I am but little better than he—that little difference being referable to motive. We must justify ourselves at any personal sacrifice by freeing the tormented from the tormentor if that be possible; but we cannot repair one evil by another, and the act of vengeance, however apparently just our cause, is an expression of the intolerance we seek to cure.

Yet when we believe ourselves to have acquired this preliminary tolerance, we must beware that it does not remain a mere profession of intelligence. If the desire is there, it may not be too hard for some people to rationalise a kind of working altruistic attitude towards the world at large, an attitude which may be, however, purely intellectual and mechanical. As discipline this will serve a purpose of preparation, but it

must be carried very much further before we are even in sight of that first golden key “to the ever narrowing portals on the hard and thorny way to wisdom”.

For when we have got a little understanding we must make it our own by discovering it within ourselves. We may hear and approve a principle, such as this of tolerance, believe in it with the mind for all our lives; but until we find it in our own spirit, out of our own wisdom, it will remain nothing more than a mechanical belief, of no more worth as a help to advance along the path to wisdom, than the creeds of the churches. For many years, I myself have carried such principles in my mind as articles of faith, but only recently have I been able to rediscover some of them within myself and thus give them independent life. And until that is done, we remain automata, the creatures of our own physical and mental reactions.

But none must imagine that having felt our way towards what I have called “tolerance,” we are ready to demand that first golden key. From tolerance, we have to proceed to a far harder step before we can—to quote again *The Voice of the Silence*—“be in full accord with all that lives; bear love to men as though they were thy brother-pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother.” But of the preliminaries to the taking of that step, I have no space to write here.

I have wandered far from my

reference to *The Inner Sentinel* of Mr. L. P. Jacks, the book that was, in part at least, responsible for this article, since in the reading of it I realised how very far this Western civilization of ours is from any inner understanding of universal charity. For even in such an exceptional work as this, conceived as I believe in gentleness and tolerance, there flashes out now and again the spirit of impatience, of resentment against those whose mechanical habit of thought confines their vision within such narrow limitations. And until this spirit of resentment is entirely absorbed into the larger attitude towards all that lives, we are hardly at the outset of our journey.

Let it, however, be clearly understood that in all I have written here, I am speaking as one who is but feeling his own way towards the grasping of the first Key. I am addressing those only who, having felt the desire for a greater charity, have been constantly checked in their efforts to attain it. I do not write as a teacher, but as one who hopes that certain of his fellow pilgrims may find encouragement from his experience. And all that I have written may be read as the confession of one who having faltered for many years, would try in so far as he is able, to save another from unnecessary delay in the effort to attune his “heart and mind to the great mind and heart of all mankind”.

J. D. BERESFORD

FAITH AND THE TESTS OF FAITH

[B. M. is an old-world man living by his old-world methods in our era. We are fortunate in having secured a few reports of his talks to his intimate friends. The *Bhagavad-Gītā* is the book he has mastered through long years of study and meditation; but further, having lived according to its tenets more successfully than is generally possible, his thoughts breathe a peculiar fragrance. The papers have been translated from the vernacular: it should be understood that they are not literal translations, and the translator has adhered more to ideas and principles than to words. Although B. M. knows English, his inspiration becomes impeded in employing that medium of expression and so he prefers not to use it. We think our readers will find real inspiration in this series.—EDS.]

"All are shaped according to their *Sraddhā* or Faith, O Bharata; man is faith-formed; what his faith is, that verily is he."

—*Bhagavad-Gītā*, XVII. 3.

Five-fold is the expression of *Sraddha*-faith. Whether it is blind, intelligent or illumined this expression is seen.

Within, a man is formed of his faith; without, through its expression, he is known by it. The *Gītā* takes the truth of Reincarnation as an axiom, from the very beginning, in the second chapter. Here, when it says that faith forms a man, it is implied that his faith clings to the immortal part of his being. It changes but never leaves him. At birth the soul finds its body and therefore all else, by this faith. When people speak of the heart-quality of a person, it is to this faith that reference is made. As it becomes more spiritual the man grows. After death the Soul dreams and ideates according to this heart-energy, other now than at birth, because of the experiences of mundane existence.

A man never dies in the faith in which he is born. If it were so,

there would be no progress, and progress is the very law of our being.

Thus the *Gītā* takes a radically different view of what constitutes faith, from that of the religious creeds. With most men faith means the religion in which they die, and according to which they are supposed to have lived. The *Gītā* cuts across all such narrow classifications. As there are righteous and wicked ones in all religions, in all countries and in all strata of society, the *Gītā* defines the faiths of mankind according to self-evident principles. It says that the faith of each is born of his inherent disposition, *svabhāva*. It may be blind because of ignorance, or intelligent because based on observation, or illumined because fructifying from contemplation; or, transcending all three, it may be inspired because of spiritual realization, and then it energizes the man to do

that which is needed for the spiritual good of corporate humanity, hour by hour for millennia. Evil men, good men, spiritual men and perfected men all live and labour according to their faith—the energy residing in the heart.

Whatever the quality of faith, in each its expression is five-fold:—

I. To whom does a man pray? Whom does he propitiate? What practices does he undertake for the sake of his soul? There is the man of demoniac disposition who tortures body and soul; the Spiritualist who invokes the ghosts of dead men and whose faith is dark; the religious man who prays to the devas, yazatas, angels, in the hope of worldly reward; the seeker after heavenly happiness, here and hereafter. The faiths of all these are described in the *Gītā*, and the most pure of them all is the faith of the Rishis, the perfected men who, knowing that effort never fails, live in the service of all.

II. What kind of food do we eat? What tastes attract us? What motive underlies our eating?—these are made the test of faith. There is the man who lives to eat; then the man of dark faith fond of high game or strong cheese, who prefers rotting to fresh food, putrid meat to ripe fruit; and the man whose rajasic nature inclines him to pungent and hot curries, to savoury dishes, to exciting salts and spices; and the man of sattvic faith who takes nourishment necessary for honest labour, requiring clear thinking and a calm disposition; and lastly the sage who eats

to live so that he may serve, and whose food is Sacrifice. All this is described in the *Gītā*.

III. Do we perform sacrifices? Why and how?—these tell a man's faith. There is the man of dark knowledge who sacrifices others for his own gain; and the man of tamasic faith who is devoid of knowledge of the Laws of Nature, recorded by the sages in Holy Writ; and the man of rajas who sacrifices for the sake of show and with an eye to reward; and then the man of light, convinced of the necessity of service sacrifices, indifferent to the fruits of sacrifice; above all are Those whose compassion has made Them the conscious and living channels of *Adhiyajna*—the Great Sacrifice. The *Gītā* deals with all these.

IV. Charity is expressive of faith—what gifts do we bestow? On whom? and why? and how? There is selfishness incarnate, the man who recognizes nought in nature, who takes all and gives nothing; then there is the man who is enveloped in ignorance and gives out of place and season to the unworthy, slave to his own arrogance and scorn; and the good man who gives with hopes of reward—titles on earth or recognition in heaven; and the man of light who knows when, how, and to whom to give, and looks not for a recompense; and the Wise One whose compassion compels Him to give and in which he joyously acquiesces, and who can and does give to every one he meets just what the person deserves. All this the *Gītā* explains.

V. Lastly Tapas, austerity or mortification, is indicative of our faith—do we practise self-control? How do we train our body? How do we use our speech? How do we control our mind? and why? The evil one is self-indulgent, and lives in and for the lower; then the misguided man whose false judgment practises control for the hurting of another or of his own organs of sense or of action; then the man who controls outwardly *i.e.* hypocritically, for show and ostentation, and spasmodically, and in the hope of gaining power; and the true man who is chaste and reverential, practises ahimsā—harmlessness, and is clean in body, gentle and accurate in speech, studious to

learn the Science of the Soul, serene in mind, whose intellectual honesty is persistent; above them all is the Sage who, having transcended His lower nature, uses His body, speech and mind to co-operate with Nature and do her will. All this the *Gītā* expounds.

Now whatever the stage of our evolution, the marks of faith are on us. They are not indelible for we ourselves fabricate them and so can transform them. With this discourse as our guide we can take the next step, and as faith and will are allies, in labouring to purify the expression of one we strengthen the other; until at last we generate within the breast the faith that moves mountains.

B. M.

The soul has no shape, for it is not spatial, and it has no states, for it is not temporal. The body is born and dies, but the soul which gives unity and continuity to the life of the body is not itself subject to vicissitude. We have varying experience but the soul is identical in all our diversity. Circumstances determine the life history of the body, they do not affect the soul. In fact we cannot call the soul a thing or an object, it is always subject. It knows and is unknown. It has none of the sensible or intelligible qualities of a thing, yet it is not nothing, it is what everyone refers to as himself.

H. WILDON CARR (*The Hibbert Journal*)

MAHARARIS AND BIWAN THE BRAHMANA

[Eric J. Holmyard, M. A., D. Litt., is a recognized authority on Alchemy, and is well known for his careful research in that sphere. In this article he raises an interesting question as regards the influence of India on Muslim Alchemists.]

H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine* (II, 763 ft. note): "Alchemy had its birth-place in Atlantis during the Fourth Race [Atlantean] and had only its renaissance in Egypt." In *Isis Unveiled* (II, 361) referring to three schools of Magi mentioned by Pliny she writes: "And all the knowledge possessed by these different schools, whether Magian, Egyptian, or Jewish, was derived from India, or rather from both sides of the Himalayas. Many a lost secret lies buried under wastes of sand, in the Gobi Desert of Eastern Turkestan, and the wise men of Khotan have preserved strange traditions and knowledge of alchemy."

From these remarks it is not unreasonable to conjecture that the alchemical knowledge must have drifted westward to Egypt, where it had its renaissance. In this case, one would expect to find some ancient evidence of the transit, but much must have been lost; as Madame Blavatsky points out (*Secret Doctrine*, II, 763, ft. note): "Diocletian burnt the esoteric works of the Egyptians in 296, together with their books on Alchemy; Cæsar 700,000 rolls at Alexandria, and Leo Isaurus 300,000 at Constantinople (*viii*th cent.); and the Mahomedans all they could lay their sacrilegious hands on." Professor Draper is quoted in *Isis Unveiled* (I, 511) as writing that Cardinal Ximenes "delivered to the flames in the squares of Granada, 80,000 Arabic manuscripts, many of them translations of classical authors". Such acts of vandalism do not make the path of future generations, who wish to enquire into the past, any easier.—EDS.]

The more deeply we delve into the records of primitive alchemy, the more difficult does it become to assign the origin of the art to any particular period or people. It is true that, on the whole, the line of development appears to emerge from ancient Egypt and to pass thence to Syria and Persia returning in the eighth century to Iraq and the Muslim Empire in general. From Islam, the transmission to Europe took place in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and subsequent developments are comparatively clear. Yet there is no reasonable doubt that alchemy was practised in early times in India and China, and perhaps also in Tibet; a problem urgently requiring solu-

tion is thus the extent to which interchange of ideas took place between Muslim adepts and their brethren further East.

More important still is the direction of this interchange. Did the Indians borrow their alchemical lore from the Arabs, or did the current flow in the opposite direction? The influence of Indian thought upon Muslim mathematics is universally recognised, though the period at which it first made itself felt may have been put at too late a date. We find that Jabir ibn Hayyan, for instance, as early as the second half of the eighth century, writes of the cipher or nought as if its use were already well established, though the introduction of Indian

numerals is usually put at a much later time. Indian religious ideas, again, penetrated into Islam whether directly or by a devious course through Persia, and were not without effect upon the Sufi mystical system. If Indian alchemy, therefore, is older than, or as old as, Muslim alchemy, we might reasonably expect to find traces of contact in early Arabic treatises on the subject.

Such traces do in fact occur. Thus the pharmacological textbook of the Persian *savant* Abu Mansur Muwaffak (975 A. D.) contains Indian mineral and plant names, such as *tabashir*, *kharva-vindhya*, and *kula-putra*; and other scientific treatises of similar date refer not infrequently to Indian authorities. Of more immediate interest is the occurrence in Muslim alchemical literature of the name Mahararis or Mahraris, which is found in the list of alchemists given by Ibn al-Nadim in his celebrated encyclopædia, the *Kitab al-Fihrist* (988 A. D.). Although this name has usually been considered a corrupt transliteration of Mercurius, and therefore merely a variant of Hermes, there is at least a possibility that it is of Indian origin. Like many other early alchemists, Mahararis was a physician as well, and one authority states that he was a relative and disciple of Asclepius. One of his alchemical tracts passed into mediaeval Europe under the title of *Tractatus Micreris suo discipulo Mirnefindo*, and another is extant in Arabic in the Royal Library at Cairo; the latter,

however, does not appear to be authentic.

As far as the nationality of Mahararis is concerned, the most telling point is that the great Rhazes, in his book entitled *Hawi* or *Continens*, is said to mention "Muhrraris" among the numerous Indian physicians to whom he refers. There can be little doubt that "Muhrraris" is Mahararis, and, if so, we have to admit that an Indian alchemist and physician was influencing a Muslim alchemist and physician as early as 900 A. D. or thereabout; for Rhazes died on October 26th, 925. The Arabic treatise assigned to Mahararis, though it may contain genuine Indian passages, is for the most part purely Muslim in character; it is noteworthy that the latest authority quoted in it is the Sixth Imam, Ja'far al-Sadiq, who died in 765 A. D. In view of its doubtful authenticity, there is no need for us to consider its contents here.

A second Indian author frequently quoted by Arabic-writing alchemists is Biwan the Brahmana of whose existence there is no reason to doubt. He was, however, later than Mahararis, and perhaps belonged to a time when intellectual intercourse between Arabia and India had become a commonplace. Whenever his name occurs, it is always mentioned with respect, as for a great master of the Art. A tract ascribed to him was published in a lithographed edition about 1891, by Mirza Muhammad al-Shirazi of Bombay, well known as an ardent

collector of alchemical books. No manuscripts of the work appear to exist in any European library. According to the book itself, which is apparently edited by someone other than the supposed author, Biwan the Brahmana was journeying from India to Jerusalem, when the chief of the disciples accompanying him questioned him concerning the "Combination of Alchemy". He replied that it was a matter difficult to understand but easy to carry out in practice; the unworthy, however, were debarred from the knowledge of it, by the will of God. The pupil, in answer, expressed the hope that he would be numbered among the favoured few, and the Brahmana apparently assented, for he proceeded at once to expound the

theory and practice of the philosopher's stone. While the general sense of the tract is not unlike that usually found in Muslim works, Biwan does not use the hackneyed phrases so common in the latter, and quotes none of the usual authorities. It is therefore possible that the tract, in its Arabic dress, does actually represent the teachings of an Indian alchemist.

Further investigation of the very numerous Arabic alchemical manuscripts existing in Europe, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and India would doubtless enable the interdependence of Indian and Muslim alchemy to be still more clearly established; but that contact occurred at a very early date can scarcely be denied.

ERIC J. HOLMYARD

We doubt not but the men of your science are open to conviction; yet facts must be first demonstrated to them, they must first have become their own property, have proved amenable to their own modes of investigation, before you find them ready to admit them as FACTS. . . . As for human nature in general, it is the same now as it was millions of years ago: Prejudice based upon selfishness; a general unwillingness to give up an established order of things for new modes of life and thought—and occult study requires all that and much more—; pride and stubborn resistance to Truth if it but upsets their previous notions of things,—such are the characteristics of your age.

MAHATMA K. H.

[THE ARYAN PATH will publish every month an article about the real forces at work in India. These are at the moment invisible to the public view, but nevertheless they are in an ever-increasing measure constructing the new Nation which will soon incarnate on this ancient land.

Dr. N. B. Parulekar, the author of these articles, is at the same time an observant journalist and a patriot. He has just finished an extensive tour of India, visiting important centres and discussing problems with prominent workers—not only those known to newspaper fame, but also especially those who serve in silence the cause of future Aryavarta. Dr. Parulekar has travelled all over Europe and America; in the latter country he got his philosophical training under no less an authority than John Dewey of Columbia University, while he disciplined himself in journalism on the staff of *The New York World* and the *New York Herald-Tribune*.

Each of the series, of which this is the second, will be an independent article. The first was on "The Educated Exploit, The Illiterate Build". The third will bear the title "Eastern Islam and Western Communism".

In this article Dr. Parulekar gives the result of his actual observation, especially of what he saw, heard and felt at the Indian National Congress which met at Karachi. We would request our readers to peruse this article along with our Editorial of May 1930—"The March of the Soul"—EDS.]

CROSS ROADS—SECULAR AND SPIRITUAL

Though life in India flows in a perpetual flux like the Heracleitian river, yet it is possible to discern in it two main dividing currents. On the one hand you hear of non-violence as a principle, on the other as only a policy. One group of people defines self-government as Ram Raj or the Kingdom of God on earth but the other considers it all superstition, its ideal government being a rigid working men's rule, where God has no place except as a good worker. The view of religion as the essence of life and the crown of society comes into clash with another which considers all religions as a handicap to human progress. In other words, some men are seriously engaged in remodelling society on the basis of spiritual values, as against others

who look upon such efforts as only going back to medievalism, something visionary, futile, even perilous. The latter believe that the modern matter-of-fact science provides better methods, tried technique and a rational basis for organisation. In the light of positive science, they feel sure that maladjustments will melt away, and life can be made really enjoyable if men confine themselves to the two-fold task of scientific production and equal distribution of material goods.

Just now the division between these two views is not complete and so not quite visible. There appears even some sort of co-operation instead of conflict, due more to external pressure than to any inherent harmony, mutual accommodation or desire to live and

let live. The urge for freedom from foreign rule is great, but when once that is attained, the question is sure to arise as to what type of society, philosophy and view of life shall prevail among these people. There you have an opposition in India which I am inclined to believe is far-reaching.

The disputes that hitherto occupied men's mind were on comparatively small issues, such as widow remarriage, religious ceremonies, legal rights of women, abolition of untouchability, etc. They did not really disturb the basic composition of Indian life. But to-day social reform within such narrow limits is no longer a debatable point, though there still remains much to do and to undo. At the Karachi Session of the Indian National Congress was organised an open kitchen, where men in thousands came to take food under one roof without inquiring into each other's caste. Among them were Moslems, Untouchables and Brahmins to cook, to serve and to eat together. Women from the so-called high castes in Karachi, having fed their families at home, went to the Congress kitchen to taste the intercaste menu. Such things have ceased to surprise the people who are adopting new ways of behaviour on a forget-the-caste basis. But the supreme problem to-day is not of caste but of country, not of rituals but of religion itself, and concerns itself not so much about living but the ideal behind our efforts to live.

In other words, our intelligent minds are faced with two paths of progress, two alternative ways of thinking that are just now running parallel and close to one another, simply because they have to cross the same political straits. But in future they are bound to separate, and one will go almost counter to the other. This ancient civilisation of ours, at one time a vital force absorbing different races, digesting their traits and assimilating them to its own life principle, long ago started crumbling. Men continued to live under its ruins without repair or rebuilding. Generations lived by fatalism and were guided more by passive faith and authority of words than by spiritual vision. The educated lived under fossilised philosophies, castes, scriptural commentaries, rituals and communal bonds, while the masses were left to themselves and to ignorance. This had been the life in India for centuries when suddenly we were thrown into the arms of the West.

Since then Indian education has been entirely secular; public institutions were freed from religion, and all collective efforts were directed to build up a new state of society founded on the secular civilisation of the industrial West. The spirit of the secular civilisation has been the search for happiness and power, exclusively materialistic, and by means of the control of material forces. Its principal employment is the conquest of environment, in contrast to the con-

quest of self, as in the spiritual view of life. It is dominated by desire for material security in the midst of a natural world which it conceives to be chaotic and alien. Then as science advances and the material world seems more and more amenable to men's comforts, a necessity arises to organise social relations round a more and more equitable distribution of material gains. Here are interposed a number of social institutions in the same manner as an engineer may place a few guards, conductors, and porters in an admirably constructed railway with electric cars, signals, tunnels, bridges and automatic devices, to help the passengers in and out. Thus the secularist's world alternates between industrialisation and socialisation and his best Utopias are compounded out of these two elements.

The *educated* Indian is even more intimately acquainted with these means of happiness than with any other. In fact, living in a depressed world where politically he was a slave, industrially backward, and economically ever insecure, it is no wonder that our young men should have been secretly longing for a society, where good government and a good standard of living might be secured by some such device as ballot boxes. There a man can put in his vote and feel confident that he and he alone is controlling the machine. Accordingly the language of socialism and industrialism is more intelligible to him than that of the Puranas

and Upanishads. The younger men have split Gandhi's personality, and account for his social, political and national endeavours by parallel passages from communism, socialism, nationalism and so on. But they leave out the kernel of Gandhi's idealism as something remote, abstract, impracticable. One may do without it—one should. So we find that the policies of Mahatma Gandhi and these men coincide on many occasions, yet the process of reasoning is different.

If the life of Mahatma Gandhi illustrates any one principle, it is how spiritual life provides the best technique to solve human problems satisfactorily and on a large scale. But, what is spiritual life? Here I am conscious of treading on delicate ground, not merely because men may differ in their notions, but because I am painfully aware of my own shortcomings. *What spiritual life is can be understood only by living it and not otherwise.* But the way in which it operates in the external world is pretty apparent. There the logic of that life consists to my mind in these two sentences in the Bible, which occur close to one another where Christ says, "Follow me," and the Bible says, "They followed."

I am aware that, true to life, the same Book tells you that not all follow and some even desert. Plato was extremely sensitive to this other alternative. He put the just man at the top, prescribed philosophers to be kings and kings to be philosophers, and then

wondered "What if they do not follow?" Consequently, to support the just man with sufficient force he created an elaborate army and compulsory military training. But, in its essence, spiritual life is able to create its own following and sustain it irrespective of time, place, consideration of race or material compensation. It is a voluntary service, a pooling together of the higher powers of the human race, which alone can lift society out of its mistrust, hate, fear and self-centredness.

It is only when we are backed up by the total available disinterestedness among human beings at a particular time that we are able to revolutionise society and liquidate substantially its old animosities; and the cost of all this is comparatively so small that it is the most economic method. This has been actually demonstrated by Mahatma Gandhi in his own personality. In a corner of his soul, he tells us, patiently, modestly, almost incurring derision from his fellowmen, he went on experimenting before he was able to prescribe with an irresistible logic of "Follow me," and "They followed" on a large scale. This self-cultivation, this overcoming of personal limitations and an identification between the universe and the individual, are lessons which our educated and intellectually-minded people are likely to ignore.

The supreme effort of this kind of a person is to see his self, to plunge into his own life current, and to extract from its depth the milk of life that will nourish men

in reaching out to higher ways. This is the method of Spirit. Such life is essentially introspective. With one eye on its own soul and another on the world's well-being, it works from a level where usual limitations of time, space and so-called success do not touch. It converts without coercing, and makes possible a free intercourse between man and man so that mutual understanding becomes easy and more durable. It is revolutionary without revenge. It draws upon profounder resources—call them soul-force—which lie in human beings deep within the core of their personality. They are more efficacious because they are more fundamental. In fact they form the basis of society, though few of us dare follow them conscientiously and consistently in all our daily life. However, the powers of truth, love and justice can be gathered and utilised best only by those who cultivate a profoundly good life first in their own person. They alone can claim the faith of their fellowmen. They alone can say, "Follow me," and the people may follow them.

But then it is difficult and men's minds turn naturally to easier ways. Intellectual India has other paths, other leaders, and examples and is looking to Mahatma Gandhi with divided allegiance. It is difficult to ignore what this man has accomplished, and yet men find it still more difficult to understand and to follow the methods he has used with miraculous results. Is there need to undergo that penance and wait for so long? Are not

other ways much easier and more direct? These and other questions are disturbing their thinking. And when they see in particular the devotee of truth sacrifice many dear things which others prize, and would gladly tamper truth with tactics to win them, they are afraid to trust the good man beyond certain limits, because they think him to be impracticable. He may be good for God's glory but not for this hard-boiled existence.

Had not the person of Mahatma Gandhi intervened at a critical stage and had he not demonstrated by actual accomplishment what truth and love can do, I have no doubt that there might not have been even that questioning attitude in our minds, and our educated men would have completely gone on a different course, a path they have learnt in company of the West. For the last 150 years the process of secularising our thinking has gone on so well that *we have mentally adopted the technique developed and used by the West with such terrific efficiency* in science, politics, social relations and in material life. Generations of men have assimilated the ideology of the industrialised West in their reading, in school, in social contacts; and a few who could rise above the rest have testified by their success that it works.

How powerful has been the tendency of imitating the West can be best illustrated by a glance at the present state of so many of our Samajas,—Arya, Prarthana,

Brahmo, even Sanatanis, that is, the orthodox and the so-called custodians of the indigenous civilisation different from that of the West. If educational efforts and policies are considered as tests, these Samajas have proved themselves utterly inadequate to train their young men in life's ideal. It is interesting to note that though the largest amount of their income is spent on education, they have not a system nor a method of philosophy to work out among students, by which their product might be said to differ from that of others. Nearly fifty years ago they all started with a religious bias, as distinct from the general educational system which was frankly secular and which did not admit religion in its programme of instruction. But the Arya Samajists complained to me—which is also a general feeling among others—that among young men there is increased Bhoga Vriti, the desire for personal advancement and enjoyment of life, and the conception current among them is of rights and not of duties. The Principal of the D. A. V. College, Lahore, said to me, "The present generation is not willing to sacrifice for their brothers. They might do so for their children. Students come for free studentships whose brothers are well placed." These bodies then have been secular not spiritual, engaged in good social service on Western lines but not in soul-culture. In that respect are they not facing the same problem as the Christian missionaries? These

cannot make Christians out of the educated classes and have to take recourse to social service in the hope of getting followers.

The educated Indian has been using the West as his book of reference in shaping his thinking and policy. Yet his knowledge of the West is only partial because his contacts with western life have covered only half the volume, and the other half is almost untouched. Searching for power to free himself from the political noose which the West had cast around his neck and to escape from utter poverty which ignorance had thrust on him, he thought he had found an answer to his problem in the individualism of the West, in her apparent abandonment to secular life. There stood before his eyes the stupendous factories which consumed his raw materials and brought forth finished goods without however exhibiting the greed, the slavery and the strife that was in their womb. Then, the military power of the West, machine-guns, poison gases and nation-wide organisations to win prestige and material advantages, thrilled the oriental's imagination and pointed a road to success though it was also a road to catastrophe. So when the great war broke out people in the East felt neither the humiliation nor the tragedy of it. It passed before their eyes as only a course of civil war and even well-deserved, but it did not disturb their faith in the efficacy of western methods. Even after the war, even now, the East has not gotten in touch with

the other half of the West, which has been bleeding for justice, equality and for human happiness.

The danger in India, therefore, is the danger of wholesale imitation of other people's material methods and institutional life. The very poverty of the people is driving the best minds to seek solutions, the quicker the better,—at least for oneself, when it is difficult to help others. Consequently *we are developing a kind of individualism and materialism among at least the educated which leads them to help themselves before they attempt to help anybody else*. One cannot go on caring for personal security in a country where life itself is insecure, without becoming callous to higher social good and to greater spiritual values. Leaving aside this vast majority, we reach smaller sections of hard workers for whom, no doubt, their country comes first. We find them renouncing religion as an obsolete superstition and pledging themselves to ideals of universal materialism. It is the same old story which daring minds of the West started three hundred years ago—the conquest of earth by making concrete roads.

For India this is an age of activity and expansion; men are generally inclined outward rather than inward, and look to the conquest of political power as their greatest achievement. The danger of imitation is, therefore, greater at such a time. There are the ready-made institutions which other people have built,

good or bad, and which we are anxious to adopt, because to work out others on independent lines takes time, requires more knowledge, energy, and patience. We are in a mood to adopt wholesale anything and everything that may serve our temporary needs, leaving the future to take care of itself.

This opportunism of our social workers, our political leaders and our would-be administrators, is due to their ignoring the higher principles of spiritual life either because they have no faith in them, or because they feel there are ready-made tools in the experience of other people. As India attains political independence, she will confront a greater necessity to develop her people's life on freer and more expansive forms. To harness that outgoing impulse and render it really fruitful, it is necessary that we dig deep in our own experience and take its values for the foundation of all our enterprise. *We need to develop an inwardness of mind simultaneously with an active life without.* In the quest after material progress and understanding the physical world, machines are multiplied and human institutions organised, in the hope that civilisation may proceed automatically on an upward climb. We need them all. But we need, in particular, fine spiritual quali-

ties. In moments of rush and absorption in material life, these are regarded as esoteric and impracticable. However, from day to day it becomes evident that without their aid no civilisation can progress. If within this generation anything outstanding has been achieved it is the exemplification of these principles in the life of Mahatma Gandhi. It is a product that is really Indian and, if worked out in every detail of life, it will enable us to give the lead not only to the millions of this land but to the world at large. It is not necessary that we agree with every particular of this great man's life, but we have got to understand the basic issues which he has worked out, maybe even against the spirit of his times. These principles are that we develop our own spiritual life before we can hope to develop anything in the external world. In other words a civilisation can be built and sustained, only to the extent there are at the back of it the spiritual energies of a people. It is imperative that a few at least pledge themselves to that path, and convert their fellow-men to their point of view. Otherwise we may go on through errors of imitation, strife and an inward dissatisfaction of struggle without accomplishment.

N. B. PARULEKAR

GHOSTS IN FICTION AND REALITY

(An Interview with Elliott O'Donnell)

[Margaret Thomas has served the interests of pure journalism in Great Britain, Africa and America. She has interviewed Mr. Elliott O'Donnell on the absorbing topic of Ghosts, in which readers of THE ARYAN PATH will be greatly interested.—EDS.]

Physical intoxication was looked on with an indulgent eye in the west of wine-drinking habits a century or so ago. Nowadays, a more dangerous form of the sensation-seeking habit, this time on the psychic plane, is similarly regarded. For the thrill of it, those who do not visit séances or table-turn at home steep themselves in ghost stories or detective fiction. It intoxicates them astirally, which is what being thrilled means. They do not know they are—psychic drunkards. Ghosts in fiction may be but a matter of thrills; ghosts in reality form an interesting subject to be understood from another and more profound point of view.

So I sought Mr. Elliott O'Donnell, now renowned after many years investigation of haunted houses and weird cases. He was found eventually in the purlieus of one of London's artist clubs not far from Piccadilly. As a newcomer entered the room, one of two men in the corner looked up. The moment the eyes of these two people, previously unknown even by sight to one another, met on the instant of crossing the threshold, both knew instantaneously their business was with each other. Our intro-

ductory was *Great Ghost Stories* which Harrison Dale has edited.

In his prefatory remarks, the editor says:

The purely fictitious ghost tale is generally much better than the authentic experience . . . the imaginative short story, in order to be successful, must temporarily convince us of something we know to be absurd.

As it is implied that phantoms are but figments of fancy, Mr. O'Donnell was asked for his views. He adds his modern testimony to the uninterrupted records of the ages that psychic phenomena are facts.

Questioned on the anthology itself, he looked thoughtfully over the volume once more and said:

"I should never have picked some of these stories myself."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I think there are others much better for such a collection."

"As, for example?"

"The Watcher' and 'Schalken the Painter' which always seem to me to get the weird as I myself have experienced it in haunted houses. Those of us who take the subject seriously like to read a ghost story which effects the same atmosphere of fear and awe—they are really inseparable—as in the real manifestation. Most ghost

stories lamentably fail. Some writers like Benson get away from the real and introduce the fantastic. The real ghost, as we come up against it, is more or less a dull thing colourless and drab, generally, but it certainly has the power of inspiring fear."

"But how could anything which is colourless and drab inspire you with fear?"

"It may seem contradictory but there it is. To an ordinary ghost is attached an atmosphere which I have experienced."

"What interested you first in psychic phenomena?" I wanted Mr. O'Donnell to begin at the beginning.

"I have always been interested in the unknown. What really gave me my initial interest in psychic matters happened when I was young. My father went with a friend of his on a trip to the East. After he left his friend, he was killed. It was supposed that he was murdered at Arkiko on the Red Sea. The night before his death my sisters and friends in the old home in Ireland heard the wailing of the family banshee, a woman, of course—we trace our descent in direct line from father to son through long centuries to Niall of the Nine Hostages, around whom are woven many strange stories. My sisters saw the banshee looking over the banisters at them. Then for a period of six weeks my father's ghost was heard walking about the house. They used to hear him but they never saw him. I have always been

trying ever since to investigate psychic matters."

"Tell me a story, one of your own experiences."

"Perhaps my most horrifying experience was in Dublin in Leeson Street. At the time I didn't know the house was haunted. I was awakened in the middle of the night by a noise in the room. At the foot of the bed I saw a strange-looking figure which was very shadowy and indistinct but which gave me the impression that it was partly human and partly animal. It put its hands around my throat and I went through the whole sensation of strangulation, losing consciousness. When I recovered, the figure had vanished. It is very terrifying, that sensation of strangulation—" and a long, artistic hand went up to his throat as if it were still sore. "It left me in such a state of trepidation that I was jolly glad to get away. Subsequently, I was told that the place was well known to be haunted and that at one time it had been the home of a mentally defective person. One of my theories is that a place where mentally defective people with homicidal tendencies have resided is frequently haunted."

"Another experience I would not care to repeat happened in London in the house in Bayswater where Thomas Creed was murdered. They locked me in at seven o'clock at night and let me out at seven o'clock next morning. My only companion was the cat that witnessed the murder. Every now and then things would happen. I heard footsteps coming

up the stairs from the cellar. The cat made a spring and jumped on to the skylight in terror. I heard voices and they were followed by my seeing the figure of a man in his shirt sleeves, first on one side of the counter and then on the other. From the description—but I only saw it indistinctly—it answered to that of the murdered man. It was the third anniversary of the crime and the climatic conditions were the same. It was a very windy and rough night and I don't think I should like to go through that experience again."

"Going back to your idea that a house where a mentally defective person with homicidal tendencies has lived is likely to be haunted, why should manifestations occur in those particular places?"

"Because they have harboured such people who are mentally affected. My investigations have left me with the feeling that what we call ghostly phenomena might easily be accounted for by some such natural process as impressions in the ether which under certain conditions become tangible and visible."

"Why and how?" I pressed for an explanation.

We do not know how at present. These happenings are automatic. The same thing happens every night at the same hour. There does not seem to be any consciousness at all behind the phenomena. It is really just the same as in a cinematograph only they are more or less shadows.

They do not seem to possess consciousness. That is one type of ghost."

"Do you remember Lytton's ideas in 'The Haunted and the Haunters,' which is included in *Great Ghost Stories*? And I read out—

... as thought is imperishable—as it leaves its stamp behind it in the natural world even when the thinker has passed out of this world—so the thought of the living may have power to rouse up and revive the thoughts of the dead—such as those thoughts *were in life*—though the thought of the living cannot reach the thoughts which the dead *now* may entertain. . . .

Intense malignity in an intense will, engendered in a peculiar temperament, and aided by natural means within the reach of science, may produce effects like those ascribed of old to evil magic. It might thus haunt the walls of a human habitation with spectral revivals of all guilty thoughts and guilty deeds once conceived and done within those walls; all, in short, with which the evil will claims *rapproch* and affinity—imperfect, incoherent, fragmentary snatches at the old dramas acted therein years ago.

"I think that is not a bad idea of Lytton's," said Mr. O'Donnell. "The only thing is that the word 'ghost' is a genus with many species. It is so ridiculous to hear people talking of 'laying ghosts' as if there were only one type."

"You gave an instance of one type of ghost, 'impressions in the ether which under certain conditions become tangible and visible.' This is very like an idea enunciated in a book called *The Ocean of Theosophy* by William Q. Judge. Do you know it? He gives other explanations, too,"

"No, I haven't read the book. I think other ghosts may really well be projections from the living brain, therefore not dead at all but living. I have experimented and I will give you an account of my own experiment when one is consciously in a certain place but is seen and heard in another place."

Mr. O'Donnell can tell a story as well as he can write one.

"Once in Cornwall I was walking along a lonely way when the idea came to me to experiment with my wife. I concentrated very hard on going back to the house, entering, crossing the hall to the drawing-room and speaking to her. I concentrated so hard that quite suddenly I got a mental vision of being there. A picture of the house rose before me, hall and drawing-room. Then came a sudden blank and I was back in the road.

"'Is this really you, this time?' my wife called out as I arrived home. 'We all heard you enter the house through the greenhouse. You came to the door of the drawing-room and called me by name. Several other people were here or I might have come out and seen you, when you did not enter.'

"We compared notes as to the time and it was about the time I was concentrating in the road."

"What would you call that?"

"It was a case of projection.

Some people would call it telepathy."

"Can you explain it? I have read explanations in *Isis Unveiled* by Madame H. P. Blavatsky. What are your conclusions?"

"I have been at this game of investigating haunted houses for years—and with me, it is a question of sheer interest, not making copy out of it though I write about it. After years and years of it I have arrived at this conclusion: That many of the phenomena I have seen and heard are objective and not subjective but there is only a very small percentage that I should say suggest survival of human identity after death. Most of the manifestations strike me as having no intelligence behind them. There are quite as many animal manifestations as there are human, and if human manifestations are any proof of survival after death, then animals must survive as well as human beings. My father's case was one that really did convince me of survival because it was witnessed by so many people who heard him every night and recognised his voice. And two or three people at a time saw my mother who knew nothing about her at all. These convince me that in certain instances anyway, human identity may survive for a period. It is quite likely that other phenomena may come from some at present unknown physical laws."

MARGARET THOMAS

THROUGH THE EYES OF PLOTINUS

IN MODERN NEW YORK

[Floyd McKnight, B. A., B. Litt. (Columbia), is a young but rising author whose biographical studies are well spoken of, and whose journalistic capabilities have been wisely secured by the American Historical Society. His "Sardonyx" was included in *The Best Poems of 1926*.

Our author has been contemplating on Plotinus's essay "On the Beautiful". He tries to look at the enchanting forms in the art-centre which New York now is, through the mind of the noblest of the Neo-Platonists who followed Ammonius Saccas, the founder of the School. Both teacher and pupil were Theosophists—the former the founder of the Theosophical Movement in the third century of the Christian era, while Plotinus was the resuscitator who popularised it and promulgated the doctrines of the Wisdom-Religion, having learnt many details in India which he visited in the company of the Emperor Gordian. Elsewhere we publish a life-sketch of Ammonius Saccas written by the well-known biographer, Geoffrey West. "Plotinus in India" is still another story!—EDS.]

*Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.*

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, "Yes, Thou Art Fair."

An ancient and venerable man who lived many centuries ago, yet, strangely enough, was still alive, sat with his young friend and pupil. The subject of the lesson was the nature of beauty. He picked up a book, and read:

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

Plotinus—for the teacher was none other—peered from the skyscraper room where they sat, across hundreds of housetops to the far grey horizon, where bridge-spans and buildings and towers merged into a haze. His pupil forgot, for a moment, that the old man was near-sighted, so

far away did those dim eyes appear to be looking.

"Do you like Housman's poetry?" the youth finally asked.

Plotinus seemed to come back from a distance.

"Housman? Housman? Oh, yes, Housman. To tell the truth, I wasn't thinking so much of the poet as of the old legend. What did you like about that poem?"

"I liked the music of the words, for one thing, as I might like a song."

"Was that all?"

"No, I liked the imagery: the image of Narcissus gazing into the water at his own reflection, of the flower leaning over the edge of the fountain."

"Nothing more?"

The old man was very questioning to-day. And his young friend was pleased that it was so; for at such times one usually learned things.

"I also liked the idea of the poem," said the younger man, who, now, too, peering into the distance, seemed to be examining far horizons of thought.

"What idea?"

"The idea of Narcissus's being annihilated in his vain adoration of what was only an image of beauty, not the truly beautiful."

Obviously pleased by his pupil's explanation, Plotinus himself took up the discussion.

"Ah, the idea! That is where the poem's greatest beauty lies," said he. "The image at which Narcissus gazed in the water faded as he sought to grasp it. The lips that he kissed were the chill lips of nothing at all. And he sank, not into a beautiful embrace, but into the watery arms of death. The reflection mirrored in the pool was only a shadow, an image of beauty that was itself only earthly beauty, an image at once evanescent, tormenting, unsatisfying. Narcissus suffered the fate that all suffer who place their faith in the transient beauties of this world. For the beauties of nature, of human bodies, of art, of behaviour, even of ideas, are but reflections—shadows, as it were—of some lasting, potent, ever-living beauty and good."

"It was fitting, indeed, that Narcissus, who wished above all to look at himself, or, even less than himself, the reflected image

of his physical body, should be metamorphosed into a flower blowing in the wind at the edge of a pool, forever intent upon its own reflection in water."

* * *

Later in the day they walked down the marble corridors of the museum. From one wall glowed a Rembrandt's golden lights, amid rich shadows. An El Greco figure, thin, straight, in cloak of warm red-purple folds, peered through burning black eyes accustomed to look upon this world courageously, without illusion. White Rodin sculptures froze in lifelike poses, half emerged from blocks of marble. Oriental rooms glistened with nephrite and jade; vases, mirrors and tiny jars, inlaid with gold lines and jewelled star and bird designs—red, green and yellow—vied with one another to dazzle the eye. Yellow-tongued Chinese dragons writhed gracefully over native costumes. The art of the East mingled and fused with the art of the West, removing barriers of place and race to those minds that were capable of seeing barriers removed.

Outside, Plotinus and his pupil strolled through the park, at the edges of which great buildings fringed the long green. In their search for beauty and its nature and meaning, they examined leaves, grass, flowers and trees, their shapes, colours and textures; visited churches, synagogues, cathedrals, and temples of religion and commerce. Knowing that theirs was not the quest of a day, they carried their investigations over a

long period, contemplating music, poetry, architecture and all the arts, the wonders of nature and the outdoors.

One day the two of them were sitting in the skyscraper room where they often talked and studied.

"Now that we have examined many objects in our search for beauty and our attempt to analyse it," said the teacher, "I should like to hear some of your opinions. We must get to the bottom of this whole question. Why, do you suppose, do we find certain works of art pleasing? Take, for instance, a Rembrandt. Why is a portrait of an old woman paring her nails beautiful? I believe you liked it."

"Perhaps because the painter had genius and made it so," replied the pupil.

"By his having genius," Plotinus went on with his questioning, "do you mean that he was able to make a perfect copy of the face of an old woman who was once alive—a photographic likeness?"

"Not at all. I doubt, as a matter of fact, if such an old woman ever sat and pared her nails like the woman in his portrait, or if any woman ever had a face exactly like the face in this picture."

"Is the painting then a work of genius because the woman herself had a beautiful character, and because the picture presents the beauty of that character?"

"I think not," the boy answered. "This woman of Rembrandt's portrait might have had no unusually

fine qualities. She might have been any peasant woman. Still, the painting is beautiful. You baffle me, Plotinus. Why should it be beautiful, and its beauty defy explanation?"

"Beauty defies explanation," Plotinus said, "because it partakes of some essence that is greater than the power of words and human reason to explain. How can we explain what is greater than explanation? Anyway, to continue with our investigation, can the technical mastery of the picture have anything to do with its beauty?"

"Of course, technique plays an important part in any art," replied the young man. "But there must be more than technique. The distinctive feature of Rembrandt's technique was the handling of lights and shades, as every critic has observed. Without technique, neither he nor any artist could accomplish much. Still, some faculty in him—something in his innermost nature—gives beauty to his works, plays through the medium of his technique and finds its way on to canvas, endowing his pictures with almost the breath of his own soul."

Plotinus took up the argument where his pupil left off.

"Of course, technique is a mere means to an end," he said. "It is highly necessary for the expression of communicable art; but the real beauty of a painting or a piece of music or a temple springs from the depths of the artist's being. He sees beauty and captures it because he already has it in him-

self. You appreciate his work because you have in you a similar strain of the beautiful.

"The springs of beauty in the artist's nature overflow like a filled fountain; and his work, the overflow, is of the same essential character as the artist himself, as the spilled water is of the same character as the water still in the fountain. He who beholds the finished work of art and feels his blood course a little faster as he does so must have in him, too, springs that overflow in a similar way; and so artist and appreciator must meet and blend in the vast stream of beauty that courses through all of life. Each man who looks at a picture or reads a poem finds in it that degree of beauty that he, by virtue of his own nature, is able to see. Men appreciate, likewise, the wisdom of a Plato or a Socrates or a Buddha because they have, in themselves a germ of the wisdom that these thinkers had—a germ that develops to its limits when properly stimulated.

"It is similar with the beauties of nature and mind and character—"

Plotinus went no further for the moment; for the young man, in his enthusiasm, interrupted him.

"How true! How true!" he exclaimed. "Let me tell you an experience. It was summer. I was lying on my back on the ground, musing, looking up into the sunlit sky, when a tiny leaf, still green and young, loosened from its stem, came falling from above me, turning over and over in the sunlight

as it fell, fluttering beautifully, silverly to earth as the sun's rays played with its green. A second later, lying on the ground, it might as well have been the last leaf of autumn. But I shall never forget its beauty as it fell.

"To someone else it would have been a falling leaf; to me it was a manifestation of the highest beauty. Something in my own nature must, therefore, have endowed it with this quality. Never shall it pass from my memory. It was perfect, because I saw in it perfection."

Pleased that the youth had so well grasped his points, Plotinus continued.

"You are quite right," he said, "in believing that you endowed that bit of matter called a leaf with whatever beauty it possessed for you. If you were an architect confronting a pile of rough stones, you might conceive a beautiful building that could be made of them; yet that building could never take form in stone if it had not first taken form in your mind or in someone's mind. Likewise, the building, when completed, would have for you no form at all, would not exist for you, if you did not give it form in your own mind. Similarly, you could practise no virtues, could recognise no virtues in others, if you did not, first of all, conceive these virtues in your thoughts. The edifice of stone and the virtuous act alike are as nothing, except for the beauty with which you invest them.

"Indeed, you will find, as you continue your studies, that beauties of mind and soul are far more pleasurable than mere sense-beauties. The individual who beholds virtues becomes one with the virtues that he beholds, and is, in respect to them, at one with him who practises them; and he likewise becomes at one, in a way, with the artist whose painting wins his admiration and transports him with joy."

It now occurred to the younger man to ask a question. "But what is the source of this reason, this power of mind or soul that man has?"

"That, my pupil," said Plotinus, "is a question that you will have to answer by examining yourself, by turning upon that mind and that soul your own inward eye. You can only accomplish this purpose by closing the eyes of the body to the outward deceptions of sense, and by communing with the finest and most truly beautiful part of yourself. Look into yourself intently; and in your soul, cut and polish and purify as the artist does, removing imperfections,

until you have created there a work of beauty. Your soul will then be beautiful. Your whole being will become a veritable light, apart from size and time, so small that no space is needed to hold it and so large that it reaches out to infinity, a light that lives now and eternally, as it has lived always, even before you discovered it. When you find in your being such light, you may have confidence in yourself and be your own guide. Keep open your inward eye; and you will perceive supreme beauty and divinity by rendering yourself beautiful and divine.

"So you will first rise to intelligence, contemplate beauty, and find all this beauty in ideas. Above intelligence, you will meet the good, of which beauty is the immediate offspring. I cannot describe the glories that you will see in communion with the highest beauty and good; for they transcend description by word or sign or any kind of communication known to man. You must look for yourself, study yourself; and what you want to see, you shall see."

FLOYD MCKNIGHT

SPIRITUALITY AND ART

[Clifford Bax is well known as a playwright, his most recent plays being "Socrates" and "The Venetian". The last named was produced only in February, and the critic in *The Daily Telegraph* considers it to be his best play. In his youth Mr. Bax studied art, but he later abandoned it in favour of literary and dramatic work. He was elected Chairman of the Incorporated Stage Society in 1929. As a poet also he is well known, the charming "Twenty-five Chinese Poems" having been published as early as 1910.

In this article the author presents a Theosophical view. Religions have become unspiritual because they have misinterpreted philosophy. There is no divorce between Religion and Art if the metaphysics of the ancient Secret Doctrine is accepted, namely that Spirit and Matter are not two opposites but two aspects of the One Life. Apply this to the Theosophical doctrine of Reincarnation: human souls do not take bodies of flesh only for the purpose of their own progress; but also to raise matter to a higher level of being. Brahmanical Occultism has used architecture, music, poetry, drama and sculpture to infuse life in religious forms. The fact has been already brought out in our pages: Painting (February 1930), Architecture (December 1930), Sculpture (in this number on p. 368.). Two articles on "Indian Music" and "Nataka" (Indian Drama) will soon be published. Theosophy teaches that every human soul is the Builder of a tabernacle, and that Spirit permeates Matter at every point of manifested space.—EDS.]

Many people suppose that they will become more spiritual if they allow the senses to atrophy. Art seems to them at best a plaything, at worst a delusion and a snare. Cromwell's soldiers, for example, when they shattered the stained-glass of an earlier age, were impelled by a distrust and a hatred of the senses. They wanted to make external life as plain and empty as possible in order that they might concentrate their thoughts upon certain religious ideas. The Quakers, too, were a people who turned away from everything that makes us happier through our senses. Alike to the Puritan and the Quaker, man-made beauty had a taint of idolatry or worldliness. It was a distraction to the soul. The Hindu ascetic, again, attempting to withdraw himself completely from the

world of illusion, would have glanced with no interest at the work of our greatest poets, painters and architects.

Formalised religions, in fact, have always run to extremes in respect of the arts. Buddhism aims at abstraction; Islam, as everyone is aware, forbade the representation of the human form; and Christianity, in its most intense periods, has regarded external beauty as of no importance. For I think we can say that Christianity was most forceful when its early devotees were fleeing from "the world" to the Egyptian desert and again when its mediæval saints were calling the lice upon their bodies "the pearls of God". At other times, on the contrary, religion—for instance, in Egypt, in Athens, and within the Roman Church—has

used all the resources of art to glorify its gods or its God.

Clearly, there is a real dispute between religion and art. It is a profound dispute. Men recognise that they have only a limited amount of psychic energy. In consequence, they have to determine how they will use it. They incline, if they are religious, to decry sensuous pleasures for two reasons: the first, because those pleasures, like Circe, are strong enough to submerge "the soul"; the second, because religion is a "binding back" of instinct (especially of sexual instinct),—an effort to turn psychic force from a natural into a supernatural direction. The more intensely we desire to spiritualise ourselves, the more do we try to live in the idea of God or, in the beautiful phrase of Plotinus, to achieve "the flight of the Alone to the Alone". Religion, moreover, is intimately associated with morality,—that is to say, with our struggle to behave in accordance with an ideal of behaviour: and morality, at least in the Western hemisphere, has unfortunately become synonymous with a negative use of life. We are good, in a word, if we refrain from doing this or that. It was for this reason that the Middle Ages regarded as saintly a woman who lay for ten years on a bare board or even, as etymology proves, the simpleton and the imbecile. They were harmless, and therefore they were holy.

Many religious people, then, have thought of the external world

as the implacable enemy of the soul: but it is possible to take a different view of it,—to see it as the very substance which we are here to spiritualise. We can go further and maintain that it is the obstinate material which we must subdue and must make beautiful if we are spiritually to grow. Here, as the reader will have discerned, is the point at which the Ritualist and the Puritan part company. The Puritan rejects the world as something which is incurably vile. The Ritualist denies that anything is unclean. He wants to redeem the material world by making it reflect the spiritual world until, indeed, there shall no longer be any opposition between the one and the other. Religion and sex are the two great driving-forces in human nature and the two chief competitors for our attention: and Coventry Patmore, an arch-ritualist, went so far, in his later poems, as to indicate clearly that to make even sexual emotion religious might be wiser than to execrate it as something fundamentally base.

It cannot be too emphatically said that a work of art is not made spiritual by its subject-matter or by the specific ideas which it presents. It is made spiritual by the mood which pervades it and by the measure of perfection with which it is fashioned. Some people do not care whether a book is well or badly written, whether a picture is well or badly painted. They care only for what it "says": and as a rule they look solely for a statement of their

own convictions. Now, intellectual conceptions are always changing, and for this reason philosophical doctrines very seldom add anything of value to a work of art. Dante embedded in an epic of tremendous power and unsurpassed beauty the theology of his time. To most of us that theology seems obsolete. We do not read Dante—or Milton or Lucretius—in the hope of solving our intellectual puzzles. We read the great poets because they have left ever-living records of how a man feels when he contemplates life and the universe: and because there is a delight in hearing our half-realised thought-feelings superlatively expressed. For “a thing of beauty,” made by a human being, is itself witness to the spirit in man. Thus, when we come to the *Paradiso*, we are exhilarated not by its doctrines but by the sustained aspiration and the almost super-human mastery of language—qualities which glow as vitally to-day as when Dante was dipping his quill into the ink-horn.

Without form there can be no art, and if we had not lost our sensibility to form we should

recognise, with the Athenians, that there is something divine in the true artist,—in the man who can make beauty out of clay, stone, pigment, notes or words. Most art has been definitely inspired by a passion for perfection. Sometimes, as in Greek statuary, that passion took an idealistic direction, but we should remember that an artist may express it obliquely. He may, like Rembrandt, express the pitifulness of mortal and imperfect things. Although it may sound fantastic, I will admit that I never hear the great symphonies of Beethoven or contemplate the figures from the Parthenon without feeling more confident that there is an immortal principle in man. If we are afraid of “matter” and at enmity with it, we shall find nothing of value to us in the arts. If on the contrary, we believe that “spirit” descends into “matter” for some purpose, we may come to perceive that every artist, from a poet to a potter, is trying to make the external world a more suitable habitation for immortal beings.

CLIFFORD BAX

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE

[Young as she is, **Odette Tchernine** has already made a reputation for herself in England as novelist and journalist. Although of Russian ancestry she has never been in Russia and has lived in England since infancy. Her first novel, *Wild Morning*, written in six months in odd hours at night, was very favourably reviewed.

This article is indicative rather of those elements that will not be present in the religion of the future than those which should be there. Our author does not say anything about the place of philosophical knowledge in the building of a religion. If proselytising missionaries are not needed (with which we agree), will not educating exponents be required to warn experimenters against dubious practices? Salaried priests degrade religion, but what about self-sacrificing tutors to co-operate with earnest, seeking *minds*?

This subject is full of interest, more than passing or superficial interest, and we hope it will be discussed by competent critics in our pages.—EDS.]

The religion of the future will be universal in its appeal. It will be an everyday, workaday religion that has to be lived as well as preached, and will embrace those features out of present day creeds that are most in accordance with humanitarian and idealistic principles.

Those features can be reduced to two fundamental ones that gather in their arms, as it were, all the good that lies hidden in the world like buried treasure waiting to be unearthed. They comprise on the one hand the Christian* ideal to love your fellows, and to do to them as you would that they should do to you, and on the other, to strive to treat

all human beings with charity, even if you do not see eye to eye with them. We must learn to realise that there may be some of our fellow-creatures whom we cannot love, for whom we may even feel aversion, but instead of giving way to the baser and undeveloped nature in man, we should try not to hate blindly, but to avoid the person who engenders that unreasoning aversion in us. Then we should reason spiritually with ourselves until we understand why we hate.

There are some persons whom we feel we cannot love, and we do not know why, there are others in which case the cause of our aversion is known to us, and that

* Why Christian? Thoughtful persons like our author must not fall prey to mass ignorance and the glamour produced by Christian Missionaries. The Golden Rule was *not* proclaimed for the first time by Jesus; we will but give two quotations, both belonging to an era that preceded that of Jesus by over 500 years:—

1. Recompense injury with kindness. To those who are good to me, I am good, and to those who are not good to me, I am also good. And thus all get to be good. To those who are sincere with me, I am sincere. And to those who are not sincere with me, I am also sincere. And thus all get to be sincere—**LAO TZE**.
2. To the man who even causelessly injures me, I will return the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall flow from me.—**BUDDHA**. —EDS.

form of personal dislike is the easiest to overcome. William Blake once wrote a few simple lines which illustrate so well that feeling of resentment frequently engendered between two human beings, and as frequently dispelled by a subtle influence of goodwill.

I was angry with my foe;
I nursed my wrath, my wrath did grow.
I was angry with my friend;
I told my friend, my wrath did end.

The religion of goodwill is also applicable to charity. There must be sincere goodwill in the charity towards other human beings. The future religion will teach that man's striving to attain higher planes of spiritual development need not necessarily progress by one path alone; that one man's straight road may constitute another man's blind alley; that none may dictate another's course of conduct though all may profit by a mutual knowledge of each one's experience.

The future religion will be practical as well as idealistic. Its wide and far-flung ideals will take into account that it has been created for the betterment of mankind by appealing to the highest aspirations in man, while not overlooking that he is a human being as well as a pilgrim travelling towards a goal.

The only religious appeal that can become world-wide is one that will uphold tolerance, and allow men their own beliefs, on the principle that truth must

come to each person from within through the medium of personal experiment. This world-wide religion will not send out missionaries to make converts, because each man who comes to believe and to *practise* the ethics of a "human" creed will be a more powerful missionary for good among his fellow-creatures, than one vested with authority by any religion or sect now in existence. I stressed the word *practise* because it embodies a very important factor. It signifies that if man believes in certain principles, but acts in opposition to them, he is not creating the right example, and his belief in good is negative in its influence over others. Principles must be lived if they are to sustain their power.

A universal creed would require no covenants or vows from its members, nor the abjuring of the first faith in which they might have been brought up. Outworn religious doctrines and rites will be shed by humanity naturally, as leaves from trees. The leaves may go, but the roots remain. It is those that count.

In the past, the people were held by religious rites because they exercised an influence over their superstitions, that is, the fear of the Unknown. Prayers at one time* constituted forms of supplication to a supposedly vengeful Omnipotence. Fanaticism, and all the abominations and tortures

performed under the cloak of religion were the outcome of the ignorant and primitive-souled trying to placate the Unknown that inspired them with terror. That fear of the Omnipotent was the first misunderstood, misunderstanding, and wrongly interpreted form of faith in some supreme and all-embracing power. You can call that power God, the strength of good triumphing over evil, or the universal soul of man. It matters little by what name we choose to vest the Power. We cannot forget it or escape from our inherent hidden knowledge of its infinity.

There is always a fundamental belief in all of us, whether we follow its precepts or not.

Universal Good is Universal God, but it is of no import by what name the average man or woman calls the Divine Mind that encompasses all things, and from which our own consciousness and ideals emanate. The Infinite Mind is something beyond yourself and yet within yourself. It is a spiritual self-revelation that comes to each individual secretly and by a different medium. At the time when that realisation comes to man he knows that he has touched the hem of immortality, and that none can harm him any more, even if he has not a half-penny in the world, and even if physical death is at hand. He has been so near understanding the mystery of all creation that he is eager to know more because he has found the universal creed of tolerance,

humanism, and belief in the victory of mind or soul over matter. All men do not arrive at the understanding by the same way. One of the signs in the Bible of a universal creed of tolerance and wide comprehension can be found in the words: "In my Father's house are many mansions."

There has been no freedom; religions have tied down their members, forgetting that freedom is essential to all forms of spiritual development. No man must be shackled to certain principles because he fears the consequences of breaking them. Those who are sincere in their beliefs know that there should be no compelling in religion. Every man should act according to what his own principles tell him is the right course. *When man breaks faith with himself, automatically he punishes himself.* That illustrates the unchanging law of compensation. We take out of life what we put in it.

Conventional creeds have lost mankind's faith, for when man is suffering and turns for comfort to the man who is called a minister of God, the priest in many instances gives him a stone when he asks for bread.

Such a failing is not even the fault of the priest, but can be traced to the barriers created by the artificiality of conventional creeds, so soaked in tradition and ritual that they lose human touch. There is too much wholesale benevolence in most religions, and too little individual sympathy.

*Why at one time? To whom are prayers now offered in the Christian Church every Sunday, in the Jewish Synagogue every Saturday and in the Muslim Mosque every Friday? The belief in a Personal God, who can be propitiated and placated, is the curse under which humanity has been groaning for over 2,000 years and our twentieth century has not freed itself from it. —Eds.]

The clergy will not bring about the realisation of a true religion. It is the people who will inspire a renaissance of faith and truth among themselves. The priests will be of aid only if they become one with the people. They must lose their self-consciousness, which, as I said before, is not their fault, but can be attributed to the empty and artificial religions, doctrines, etc., that have obtained down the

ages. The clergy must drop that cloak which seems to wrap them so far apart from the rest of mankind that when a clergyman is in mixed company one feels that he is thinking to himself:—"I am a minister of God, but see what a fine and pleasant-spoken fellow I am to come down to your level!"

Religious principles are changing slowly but inexorably.

ODETTE TCHERNINE

Many men have arisen who had glimpses of the truth, and fancied they had it all. Such have failed to achieve the good they might have done and sought to do, because vanity has made them thrust their personality into such undue prominence as to interpose it between their believers and the *whole* truth that lay behind. The world needs no sectarian church, whether of Buddha, Jesus, Mahomet, Swedenborg, Calvin, or any other. There being but ONE Truth, man requires but one church—the Temple of God within us, walled in by matter but penetrable by any one who can find the way; *the pure in heart see God*. . . .

Our examination of the multitudinous religious faiths that mankind, early and late, have professed, most assuredly indicates that they have all been derived from one primitive source. It would seem as if they were all but different modes of expressing the yearning of the imprisoned human soul for intercourse with supernal spheres. As the white ray of light is decomposed by the prism into the various colours of the solar spectrum, so the beam of divine truth, in passing through the three-sided prism of man's nature, has been broken up into vari-coloured fragments called RELIGIONS. And, as the rays of the spectrum, by imperceptible shadings, merge into each other, so the great theologies that have appeared at different degrees of divergence from the original source, have been connected by minor schisms, schools, and off-shoots from the one side or the other. Combined, their aggregate represents one eternal truth; separate, they are but shades of human error and the signs of imperfection. The worship of the Vedic *pitris* is fast becoming the worship of the spiritual portion of mankind. It but needs the right perception of things objective to finally discover that the only world of reality is the subjective.

H. P. BLAVATSKY (*Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, pp. 635, 639.)

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE NEW HUMANISM

[**Jeannette Roman**, of Wellesley College (U. S. A.) has specialized in philosophy and is an exchange student from her university to Germany. Her contributions to American periodicals have been well received.—EDS.]

In the last few decades the *tempo* of life in America as in the rest of the world has been quickened to such an enormous extent that even the mills of the Gods seem to have put on speed. When one looks back on these years they divide easily into definite periods, such as pre-war, war, and post-war times. In America as in the rest of the world each of these periods has meant a wave of new ideas, theories, values, styles, etc., each one as drastic as it was brief. In each period a reaction to the preceding one has been coupled with criticism out of which the standards for a "new age" have evolved. We in America are engaged in a searching analysis of the products of the art and literature of the past ten years. Everywhere evidence is being gathered in the form of series of articles by young men between the ages of twenty and thirty, or of exhibits by artists of the same age. And the result is that everywhere critics consider not a special piece of work alone, but attempt somehow through their subject to feel the pulse of the age. According to Paul Elmer More a critical analysis of the period just passed must bring one to the realization of the "intellectual defeat and

spiritual dismay of the times". There are two ways of reacting to this realization. One is to accept it as inevitable and, with such people as Huxley, Dreiser, and Mencken, to base everything on the initial assumption that man is a degraded creature whose every work is futile. The other is to reject it. The latter way, however, necessitates the construction of new standards. And it is with the sense of responsibility that such rejection entails that the younger generation has turned to a New Humanism as it is revealed in the works of its leaders, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More.

One must constantly bear in mind, however, that the stipulations of the Humanism of to-day are but the summary of work which has been going on for twenty years. From a certain amount of popularity twenty years ago Babbitt and More were forced by the post-war generation into an obscurity which nevertheless did not discourage them. They continued to expound their classicistic theories in writing as well as in teaching. They added nothing new, but strengthened their own position so that when the young men became tired of all extreme

modernism and looked around for something different they had the works of Babbitt and More to fall back on. Ever since 1928 the question of the validity of the Humanist credo has been vigorously debated in France, England, and America, thus bringing Babbitt and More and their disciples again into prominence.

For the sake of clarity and brevity one ought to approach the case of Humanism only from an historical point of view, since a philosophical analysis would involve one in such intricacies as to refute the original purpose of this article. But perhaps it would be possible without too much confusion to give a skeleton view of the position of the Humanists. On the one hand they are faced with the scientific claims of the naturalistic point of view which, as it has been expressed in the literature of the past decade, makes man determined from the outset by the forces of nature. At the same time they meet in this literature the romantic impressionists who have put their faith in man as an individual and have been led to emphasize the subjective element and the importance of personality which Norman Foerster criticises in the last chapter of his book, *American Criticism*. Unwilling to ally themselves with the extremes of either of these points of view, the Humanists pick their way between the two, not totally rejecting either, but trying to confine romanticism within the bounds of logic and to relieve the rigidity of scientific laws by taking into

account the power of intuition. There we have the essence of the Humanistic philosophy which emphasizes the necessity of curbing extreme tendencies such as romantic idealism and scientific mechanization and which stresses the essential dualism of thought. This dualism according to Babbitt is the "true dualism" between the two opposite poles of "vital impulse," and "vital control". The Humanists assume the right to these statements from their initial contentions about the nature of man. For man is not a more complicated species of animal, but differs from the animal in kind. And all his strength and importance lies in the cultivation of this difference. Inasmuch as he is no longer, like the animal, a creature completely determined by natural laws, he has acquired the power to will. But the Humanist, having endowed man with this will, immediately puts a restraint on it. Far from doing away with all control he has merely shifted his dependence on blind nature to an authority of a higher and more purposeful order, namely the ethical principle to which it is man's will to conform.

An ethical principle implies a community, and that is the main contention of the Humanist. For in becoming different from the animal, man has placed an emphasis on his own species and hence on the group or community in which he exists. The existence of such a closely knit community directs ideas towards education and the future. But its stability

according to the Humanists depends upon a wide knowledge and understanding of the past, and an application of the classical principles derived therefrom. A fast bond with the culture of the past alone will enable us to outgrow the disease of our age which according to Paul Elmer More is an "epoch weltering through a morass of *isms*". For Babbitt the evolution of a general humanization would be first an agreement on the definitions of the first principles involved, then a gathering of a group of people on the basis of these definitions. Finally this group of people would be enabled through education to effect the application of Humanistic standards not only to artistic and literary criticism but to all creative work.

Thus far all Humanists are agreed. The question however on which they are divided is the nature of this "ethical principle" towards which the purposeful life of man is to be directed. For Babbitt and many other Humanists the restraint achieved by the exertion of the human will would be an end in itself. But for More and T. S. Eliot and the so-called religious Humanists any goal toward which man considers it worth while to strive must be outside of him, must be an intuitively perceived embodiment of all perfections. This embodiment they find in God. Such an agreement up to a certain point and then a sudden questioning and parting of ways is well exemplified in Paul

Elmer More's analysis of the Humanistic purpose.

There is that in every human being which it behooves him to know and cherish, a potentiality which it is worth his while to develop at any cost, a goal of perfection towards which all his energy would be directed—the high value of being a man.

This statement is the great word in Humanism. But More questions whether it should be the last word. "It is true, every word of it; yet is it quite all the truth? The high value of being a man—is that *telos* attainable, is it even approachable without religion?"

The manifestations of Humanism abroad have been sometimes obscure and some times marked. In many places youth is revolting from chaos into order. Italians have shown a willingness and even an enthusiasm to submit to the rule of a dictator. In Spain the same spirit* is manifest. In France there is a new royalist tendency. These movements may be taken as indications of a need for restraint, of dissatisfaction with unbridled revolutionary tendencies. Besides these subtle evidences of a return to order we have a distinctly Humanistic note in France in the writings of the Neo-Thomists and of Charles Maurras, Jacques Maritain, and Henri Massis. In England, too, such men as G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, and T. S. Eliot have taken an interest in Humanism.

But it is in America that the struggle for and against Humanism is at present the most interesting. Here, as Mr. Collins of

*This article was written before the revolution when Spain became a Republic—EDS.

The Bookman has pointed out, the bonds with the past are practically nil, while on the other hand the mechanization of science has taken a strong hold on all sides of life. It is debatable whether classical principles which have in them so much that is general, so much that is purely theoretical, will hold water here. The anti-Humanists of course deny it violently. According to them the whole movement is an example of the way of least resistance. This point of view has been best expressed by Edmund Wilson of the *New Republic*. He contends that the Humanists have conformed to tradition out of laziness, that they have discarded science out of ignorance, and that they have assembled some sort of theory merely in order to have an easy point of departure for criticism. The very term Humanism creates an added confusion. First the name does not belong exclusively to the New Humanists, but has a much closer association with a certain fourteenth century European revival of interest in all human faculties. It is with some difficulty that this name will become applicable to a narrow doctrinal movement which excludes such people as William James and John Dewey, and yet remain clearly defined for everybody. Secondly there is still too much dissension among the Humanists themselves for the grouping under that name to have any meaning at all. In other words the anti-Humanists would remind Mr. Babbitt that before the educating process of

the group is to take place there must be a clear understanding of its original premises. To this sort of accusation made with varying degrees of energy the Humanists have replied—also with varying degrees of energy. The staunchest backing that the Humanist disciples are giving their leaders comes at present from *The Bookman*. Here an earnest conviction of the truth of the Humanist gospel has produced great warmth of support. To quote the editor, Mr. Collins: "A way of indicating the significance of More and Babbitt is to say that they have demonstrated that now for the first time in a hundred and fifty years—for the first time, say since Johnson and Burke—it is possible for supreme critical intelligences to be also upholders of traditional wisdom; for a first rate mind to be also well-balanced."

The debate is still going on. Each side has gathered together a symposium. The Humanistic one, *Humanism and America*, edited by Norman Foerster, is an attempt to establish the Humanist position in a series of explanatory articles by prominent Humanists. This book has already been published (Farrar and Rinehart) and has attracted a volley of criticism. The anti-Humanist symposium is called *The Critique of Humanism: Essays in Opposition*, edited by C. Hartley Gratten (Brewer and Warren). It is an endeavour in a series of articles by fourteen prominent anti-Humanists not only to refute the Humanists but to place and criticise them from an

historical point of view. The Humanists upon whom rests the burden of proof have by no means established their position "beyond a shadow of a doubt". Nor have they been reduced to dust and ashes by the fiery attack of their adversaries. It is doubtful whether either of these things will ever be accomplished. It is more likely that the most valuable part of

the discussion for either side will be the clarification of issues that have long been either ignored or too superficially taken for granted.

JEANNETTE ROMAN

[In fairness to our author we must say that this article has been in our hands for several months. The discussion continues, and the latest contribution is *The Prospects of Humanism* by Lawrence Hyde, the author of *The Learned Knife*.—EDS.]

The Li Sao: An Elegy on Encountering Sorrows. By CH'Ü YÜAN. Translated by Lim Boon Keng. (Commercial Press, Ltd., Shanghai. \$3.00.)

The Li Sao is a famous Chinese poem, written about 288 B. C., by a poet who was also a statesman, Ch'ü Yüan. Its author committed suicide as a protest against the prevalent corruptions of the world. Even more possibly from the reverence accorded to his lofty character than from its intrinsic poetic merits, this poem enjoys still an immense prestige in China. It may be that scholars versed in the subtleties of Chinese poetry may find in it splendours that do not penetrate the veil of translation. Professor Herbert Giles in his preface to this volume says: "When I first tried to read it, in 1872, the verses seemed to me like flashes of lightning, blinding me so that I could only catch the sense here and there." Admittedly, the poem is excessively difficult. It is the kind of poem called *fu* by the Chinese; a rather elaborate form of composition in irregular verse, though with rhythm.

Dr. Lim Boon Keng, president of the University of Amoy, who has published several books in English, is the present translator. Born and educated at Singapore, he took a degree in medicine at Edinburgh University in 1892. Returning to Singapore, he not only became very successful as a doctor but won a high reputation as a scholarly linguist and as a public-spirited leader among his own countrymen. His edition of the *Li Sao* is very complete. The transla-

tion is in blank verse, but divided into quatrains (now and then expanded into more than four lines); and the effect of the poem as thus rendered in English vaguely suggests the effect of Fitz Gerald's "Omar Khayyam" with its lightly knit structure and reflective style, though, of course, there is no substantial resemblance whatever. What is the poem about? It is a lament on the political disorders and corruptions of the times, in which the poet foresees the ruin of the kingdom. The King, who is gently and politely alluded to as "the beautiful person," or "the sweet one," is surrounded by flatterers and self-seekers. The poet's severe counsels are unheeded. Conscious alike of his noble birth, of his disinterestedness and his capacity to lead, he will die willingly for the right. At times he rests on the heights, among the flowers, and looks down the mists that cloud the world below. He is full of doubt as to what course he should pursue; sometimes goes forward, sometimes back. He invokes the phoenixes to bear him aloft and presses onward through storms to the gate of heaven. Various adventures in the search for the ideal state are symbolically described. At last from a great height he sees his old home in its misery. He is loth to go, yet cannot stay.

The condensed style, the figurative language by which good men and bad are described by the names of fragrant or evil-smelling plants and the endless allusions, place great obstacles in the way of the reader. Nor can it be said that the

translator's blank verse yields more than a faint flavour of poetry to an English ear. Read however with the very full commentary, the poem becomes much clearer and richer in meaning: and as the original text is printed opposite the translation this seems to be an altogether admirable edition of the poem for the English student of Chinese. There is also a vocabulary, and special notes on the plants and flowers mentioned in the poem. Essays on Ch'ü Yüan (whom Dr. Hu Shih regards as a legendary person), the historical background, and the place of the Li Sao in Chinese literature, add to the completeness of this study.

History of Japanese Religion. By Prof. MASAHARU ANESAKI. (Kegan Paul, London. 21s.)

Forces, relative, comprehensive and moral, severally represented by Shinto, Buddhism, and Confucian ethics, are presented in these pages, acting and reacting upon one another, producing phenomena, not essentially different, but in ever widening spiral of recurrence throughout the centuries of Japanese history. Regarded as a comprehensive whole, this book shows the interweaving thread of karma adjusting Japan's national life through the universal Law of Periodicity.

Tracing the course of Shinto, the national religion, through these pages, we observe that its influence has been essentially binding in character. If at times in abeyance, that abeyance has been temporary, and on every occasion of national or spiritual crisis, Shinto has been revived or fallen back upon as the foundation of national life. Essentially the religion of Family and State with its belief centred in the divine origin of the ruling house—identified with the supreme deity, the beneficent Sun-goddess—its reverence for ancestral deities and national heroes, it has naturally always represented national unity. Absorbed in Buddhism after the latter's introduction from China in the seventh century, it never lost its essential character. On the other hand, Buddhism underwent frequent adaptation, taking on forms in harmony with

Rabindranath Tagore contributes a prefatory page of appreciation, pointing out how characteristically Chinese is the "quest of a perfect social adjustment in righteousness". "We feel," he says, "through the whole poem the pervasive sadness of a day's end that has discovered the promise of its morning betrayed."

LAURENCE BINYON.

[Laurence Binyon has been a well known figure at the British Museum for the last 38 years. A poet and a playwright, he is also an authority on oriental literature and art, and is the author of several well known volumes.

—Eds.]

Japanese national requirement during the periods of its widest influence. We thus find Shinto deities identified with those of the Buddhist Pantheon, of which they were properly regarded as relative aspects in the Shingon Buddhism of Kukai, the eighth century mystic and reformer.

Tolerance and adaptability have therefore been the chief characteristics of Buddhism in Japan and have had a corresponding influence upon the thought of the people. Its rôle has been essentially syncretic and paternal. In character universal, in so far as its doctrine of reincarnation and karma made it so, it readily embraced the relative aspect of religion represented by Shinto in its comprehensive conception of life. Moreover the different forms of Buddhism, originated by Japanese sages and teachers, were relative aspects of the same universal truth suited to relative temperaments, as are the paths of Hindu yoga. And of this one universal whole all religions are relative aspects limited by their forms.

Professor Anesaki explains that the doctrine of karma, upon the introduction of Buddhism, had a twofold effect upon the life and character of the people. It extended their conception of life and it fostered a spirit of self-renunciation which brought it into closer touch with Confucianism. Karma however tended to become confused with fatalism, which Madame Blavatsky's succinct definition in *The Secret Doctrine* shows that it is

not. She says, "Karma neither predestines, creates, nor designs. Man creates and karma adjusts effects, being harmony tending to resume its original position like a bent bough."

Rigid and uncompromising in principle, Confucianism played, for the most part, a supplementary rôle to religion in Japanese history. While instrumental in introducing the virtues of loyalty and filial piety to the national religion, it stood somewhat aloof as a system of civic morality and was chiefly in evidence as a basis for the establishment of social codes and political and educational systems. Unable to make concessions to religious forbearance, it could be wooed but it could not be won; it could be fitted in, but it could not be united. Hence, during its periods of outstanding influence—and notably during the ninth century—it produced an inevitable dualism of head and heart. Stifling the emotional nature, the latter sought an outlet, which it found in poetic sentiment and the mysteries of Shingon Buddhism. These two aspects of life, being kept strictly separate, never came into conflict in the divided personalities of the times. But in the seventeenth century, we find Confucianism in complete command of the situation and in open hostility to Buddhism. Reaction and revolt against narrow and rigid conventional standards naturally resulted and moral laxity ensued in accordance with what a modern psychologist, M. Baudouin calls the law of "reversed effort," only to be adjusted finally by a revival of Shinto, adapted to meet the need of the age.

Up to the time of the intrusion of Western civilization upon Japanese seclusion we therefore find in the interplay of these forces a perpetual effort to adjust moral life to religious idealism and the

relative personality to its universal life. With the advent of Christianity shortly to be followed by an introduction to Western literature and modern science, new conflicts began giving rise to educational and legislative reforms. The new policy of utilitarianism and individualism was eagerly seized upon and presented a striking contrast to the old ideals of reverence and obedience represented by Shinto and of serenity and tolerance by Buddhism.

With the European war and its subsequent industrial unrest, new and opposing doctrines came into existence, not essentially different in Japan from those in other countries, and consequently Japan's problems have become less national than universal. Just as Western thought is influencing the East, so is Eastern thought having a profound effect upon Western thinking, and a common basis for the reconstruction of values is thus being established in both alike. The economic problems of the day are enforcing a reconstruction dependent upon revaluation. They are leading to a critical discrimination between personal and national or relative values and those universal values which raise mankind above the personal and the national, bringing recognition of the true spiritual unity of the universe freed from its relative and self-imposed limitations of separateness and form.

We, in the West, should be grateful to Professor Anesaki for this interesting book and for the service he has rendered the English speaking public by bringing them into closer intimacy with his countrymen. His detached intellectual presentation of his facts together with his scholarly command of the English language should especially appeal to all his readers.

L. E. PARKER

The Mysterious Madame, A Life of Madame Blavatsky. By "EPHESIAN," C. E. Bechhofer Roberts. (The Bodley Head, London. 7s. 6d.)

Rider and Co. published Mr. G. Baseden Butt's *Madame Blavatsky* in 1925; the

volume under review does not compare favourably with it. The significance of occurrences and of tendencies of thought since Mr. Butt's volume was published are lost on Mr. Roberts. For example, a comparison of the items on Theosophy

and H. P. Blavatsky in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* with those in the old one ought to have made him pause and think. But the author has been in a hurry to be in good time for this centenary year, and the book is out—a poor rehash of old tales, badly put together. It does not raise a single new issue in the examination of events, brings no fresh vision, throws no new light. Mr. Roberts "damns" his subject but others before him have done so with more acumen, if with as little truth.

The charges of misconduct, etc., poorly narrated, are hackneyed. Moreover, the foul attack made on Madame Blavatsky's personal character was brought to book in the case of a great newspaper, the *New York Sun*, which was sued for

defamation, and which, more than a year after Madame Blavatsky's death, was generous enough to apologize for having been misled by an enemy of hers.

As to her teachings: the doctrines she laboured hard and sacrificed much to promulgate are not examined, even cursorily, by Mr. Roberts.

He has tried to read the mind of a genius without enquiry into the sympathies and attainments of that mind. It would be almost as grotesque to pass judgment on the mind of Mr. Roberts on the strength of this caricature which he calls "A Life of Madame Blavatsky". Let him change himself or his pen name when he writes again; there is neither wisdom nor the power to please in this volume.

S. B.

The Forester's Wife. By Margot Robert Adamson. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 6s.)

This narrative poem has the advantage of an introduction from the pen of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. He regards it as "a straw on the tide" of a return from "easy neaps of lyrical expression (short exploitings of A's or B's personality) to representation again; that is, to an idea, largely conceived, brought back to a pattern, and hammered into shape by long and careful work."

The poem purports to be extracted from "the IIIrd book of 'The Singular Judgments and Rare Occurrences' of Peter Matthias". Miss Adamson seems to have made a speciality of modernizing Middle English verse, but in the book under review she has employed a literary device to account for the genesis of her original work—work in which she has captured the spirit of the Middle Ages as it showed itself in Europe about the end of the fifteenth century.

The narrative winds itself around a case of child murder and paints in naked

colours the barbarity of the so-called justice meted out to the offender, but at the same time it reveals many beautiful human traits in some of the characters. The tale is told, as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch points out, "after the fashion of Browning somewhat," but though the influence of Browning is very distinct, the author is certainly easier to follow. Her characterisation is good on the whole; the speeches tend to be wearisome; the account of the vision at the end is very beautiful. It is difficult to believe that the Helga of the beginning of the poem could be transformed into the Helga at the end. One cannot set limits, however, to the purgation of suffering. And perhaps even unconsciously the reader is apt to be swayed at the start by the village opinion of Helga and therefore unable to divine the possibilities for good that were really hers. *The Forester's Wife* has a fascination of its own, and the poem throughout keeps up a wonderfully even level. But it is not easy to quote from. That perhaps is a weakness.

F. E.

Journal of Transactions, Number 1, January 1931. Edited by W. LOFTUS HARE, for the Executive Committee of the Society for Promoting the Study of Religions. (Luzac and Company, London. 2s.)

IN THE ARYAN PATH for May 1930, (p. 350) the inauguration and the aims of the above Society were recorded and discussed. The first number of its journal contains three lectures delivered under the auspices of the Society: *Vedic Religion* by Dr. Barnett; *Human Personality as conceived in the Upanishads* by W. Loftus Hare; *The Man in Early Buddhism* by Dr. C. A. F. Rhys Davids. The three studies are masterly and profound. Dr. Barnett's classification of Vedic gods is remarkably accurate; Mr. Hare's analysis of Upanishadic psychology is a valuable piece of research and Dr. Rhys Davids handles the subject of Man in early Buddhism in a synthetical and interpretative manner.

While we offer such cordial appreciation of the work recorded in the present issue of the *Journal*, one or two thoughts suggest themselves: it does not do to keep life and academical opinion too much apart. We should like to see emphasised the *practice* of the principles which the comparative study of religions may yield us. This emphasis on practice does not necessarily result, as it is often feared, in the formation of new sects. In fact the *absence* of this emphasis has itself rather resulted in a kind of new religion, the academical religion if we might call it so. We have too much of the philologist in us; in one department we are growing too much attached to the body and the bones of thought while in the other, the artistic, to the blood and bile of feeling. The crass intellectuality and feeble emotionalism, so much in evidence to-day, are only subtler reincarnations of materialism and psychism. The remedy is to stress the ethical side of life.

D. G. V.

Philosophy without Metaphysics. By EDMOND HOLMES. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London. 7s. 6d.)

The title of the book is very challenging. We are accustomed to think that metaphysics constitutes the very heart of philosophy. But the author makes a distinction. By metaphysics he means the attempt to know reality exclusively through the intellect. Philosophy on the other hand, according to him, relies upon our deeper intuitional experience. He would thus have the saint, the seer, and the mystic regarded as true philosophers. This, does not seem to be an altogether justifiable extension of the meaning of the term. It is admitted that the true aim of philosophy is to reach the knowledge of ultimate reality. This knowledge indeed cannot be obtained through an analysis of sense-experience, nor through the agency of thought divorced from the higher intuitional experience. In this connection, the author's criticism of Bradley as a typical writer of the school of logical metaphysics, and of Alexander

who represents empirical metaphysics, is in the main quite justified. But we need not set too narrow an interpretation upon thought. When we have liberalised thought, we must recognize that the adventure of philosophy is essentially an adventure of thought. We need not go to the poet and the mystic with their unformulated beliefs as to the nature of reality, for that wisdom which philosophy seeks. Every one of us is a poet and a mystic in his way. What is needed is a truly rational interpretation of what we do know. Otherwise philosophy will degenerate into sentimentalism and subjectivism of a very questionable character. It will lose that respect which it at present commands.

The author has in a very general way indicated some of the fundamental concepts of an intuitional philosophy. He is quite right in saying that the greatest thing to know is to know one's own true self. But his notion of the true self is very vague. He thinks that there can be no final goal or ultimate rest

which we may hope to reach, and that it is of the very essence of spiritual life that it should be ever growing. But he forgets that if there is no final rest, the whole struggle is meaningless. Perfection does not imply finitude as he thinks.

The book is on the whole very stimulating to thought, and there is plenty of common-sense reasoning in it which will appeal to many who are not acquainted with the technicalities of expression and the abstruse arguments of metaphysical writings.

G. R. MALKANI

Educational Survey, Vol. II, No. I. (The League of Nations, Geneva. 2s.)

Among the numerous secondary activities of the League of Nations is the reform and uplift of education of the young so that a truly international spirit is born. This work will show results after long years. The Editorial describes the scope and the ideals of this branch of the League's work. Other articles exemplify the work in hand. The most pressing problem of international education is that of the colour bar

which the whites of Europe and America impose upon the coloured races, black, yellow, and brown. The spirit of colour prejudice is abroad in Great Britain, while it is absent in France, to take but one example. It cannot be innate in human nature; it cannot be an instinct of the White Race. It is fostered, however, and children are educated into it. The League should set itself to fight this, if it wants to preserve its integrity and influence in East and West alike.

W.

Caste in India By EMILE SENART. (Methuen & Co. Ltd., London.)

This is an English translation by Sir E. Denison Ross of Emile Senart's volume first published in French more than thirty years ago. M. Senart believes that caste problems could be best understood in the light of religious and literary traditions in India. He is perfectly conscious of the difficulties and dangers of such a deductive method when it has to be applied to questions of fact. But the formulation of this method for studying caste problems in India is in itself a great contribution, though some of the conclusions might need a revision in the light of later research.

Two propositions from M. Senart's masterly introduction may be discussed here in brief. According to him the Vedas are not faithfully reflective of the whole contemporary religious life, and they are just ritual songs. Also the Epics and the Smritis are not acceptable to him as a reliable witness of contemporary society. It is really surprising how M. Senart could hold such a view. Of course in a sense all literary

record is only partially reflective of actual life but surely it can give the necessary clues, and the author's own method would become an impossibility if this were not true. In fact he gives himself a contradiction elsewhere. "[The sacerdotal class] generalised and codified existing conditions into an ideal system." (p. 213) The second proposition M. Senart makes is as regards the absence of the two ideas of Caste system and Metempsychosis in Vedic hymns. Metempsychosis he admits is the corner stone of Hinduism, and hence he would probably admit, of the caste system also.

It is not difficult to find an evidence of the presence of these ideas in the *Rigveda*. In Sāyana's Sanskrit commentary on *Rigveda* the *Rigvedic* term *Panchjanah* has been interpreted to mean the four principal castes and the *Nishadas* as the fifth caste. Also a clear and definite mention of the four castes has been made in the tenth Mandala of the *Rigveda*. (x. 90. 12.) As regards the idea of Metempsychosis in the *Rigveda*, a reference to two hymns (1. 164. 31 and 38) might prove convincing.

D. G. V.

CORRESPONDENCE

H. P. B.'s WRITINGS

I note with regret that Mr. Crombie, in your March number, seems to indicate that my analogy between Böhme and Madame Blavatsky casts some reflection on the latter and perhaps on both. Nothing was further from my intention, as any one who knows what I have elsewhere written in vindication of H. P. B.'s seership will be aware. My testimony was to the true humility of both these disciples vis-à-vis their great task of interpreting their message to their day and generation. They were both ill-equipped by training and education to assay the value of the scientific jargon of their contemporaries; a jargon which fluctuates from decade to decade, a science whose literature is strewn with the wrecks of discarded theories. Their humbleness led them to assign greater value to these elements and citations than they merited—that is all. The point perhaps might be emphasized by a reference to Swedenborg whose better equipment in this respect may have contributed to the extent and endurance of his influence. For the rest my understanding of H. P. B. was—and is—that nothing could have been more abhorrent to her than any tendency to turn her message into a doxy, or herself into an idol.

London.

EDITH WARD

THOMAS NOELDEKE.

It is over five months that Thomas Noeldeke died at the age of 94. He was the greatest authority in his time in the domain of Semitic and Persian philology. No Parsi newspaper or periodical seems to have noticed his loss. Noeldeke was the author who made the Sasanian portion of Tabari's history of Persia accessible to the modern world. The ap-

pendices and notes written in 1879 remain unantiquated. He wrote his thesis on the "Shah Nameh," which is superseded only by the complete translation of the epic by the brothers Warner. Noeldeke's was the life of a devotee of pure learning such as we read of in the ancient Sanskrit literature, the Grihya-Sutras, for instance, and see hardly anywhere in India to-day. Our Indian professors care less for erudition and more for its emoluments (see THE ARYAN PATH for May, p. 289—Dr. Parulekar's article). By some of Noeldeke's works hangs a sorry tale as regards the so-called Parsi scholarship. A very pretentious book was written not very long ago, which was patronised with more generosity than knowledge, among others by the princely Tatas. It was unfortunately, however, discovered simultaneously in Bombay and Germany that the substantial portion of it was borrowed without acknowledgment, from an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by Noeldeke. More curious still, when the plagiarism was exposed, some of the Parsi scholars who now call themselves "missionaries" defended the literary larceny. The Publishers of the *Encyclopædia* were prepared to take legal steps; but in view of the fact that it would have cost them heavily to prove their material loss they did not take the extreme step. We have been expecting the English translation of the German version of Tabari these ten years on the part of another Parsi scholar who has been maintained in Europe for a number of years by some wealthy Parsis with the usual bump of charity developed out of all proportion to the bump of intellect.

Bombay

G. K. NARIMAN

ECHOES OF THEOSOPHY

"The sun of Theosophy must shine for all, not for a part. There is more of this Movement than you have yet had an inkling of."—MAHATMA M.

That which we falsely call progress has produced a materialism of the mind and a mechanisation of life which in themselves bear the seeds of evil destruction.—LIND-AF-HAGEBY (*Progress To-day*)

In one sense a child is utterly at the mercy of what the adult chooses to tell him, for he lacks knowledge of the facts of the external world. On the other hand, he has an interior sense of reality, a direct perception of the value and significance of the unseen, and a something which tells him when his elders out of fear are lying to him and evading him.—GERALDINE COSTER (*Spectator*)

The world always holds men to that which is apprehended by the senses, and has no thought for the things of the Spirit. It never reaches, either in action or in desire, to anything beyond that which is seen and temporal. It restricts men's interests to the things of time and sense and perverts their spiritual faculties so that they become earthbound. (*The Times*)

. . . the influence of England on Germany's intellectual and cultural life is becoming increasingly powerful. Such subtle developments have rarely an immediate effect. Yet it is well worth watching tendencies of this kind, for in the long run they make a deeper mark on the course of history than naval treaties or changing dynasties or even international conferences. (*Everyman*)

The order of Nature is doubtless greater than our greatest thought of it, yet there follows too facilely the mis-inference that it is all being purposefully kept in order now. The Divine Artificer has been exchanged for a Divine Bureaucrat. The beauty of Nature is greater than we have yet discovered, yet there follows too facilely the mis-inference that the Creator paints the lily and adorns the rose. The Divine Artificer has been exchanged for a Divine Decorator. This won't do.—SIR J. ARTHUR THOMSON (*Philosophy*)

Buddhism, it will be remembered, is also without faith in a personal God. Unlike Buddhism, however, communism is totally oblivious of the profundities of feeling and aspiration, of hope and of fear, which the individual man experiences when he faces the total problem of life. It is out of insights which men achieve when they face this problem that the most spiritual religions are fashioned. Communism can therefore never be a religion of individuals, but only of groups and classes who are so busy with a social or historic task that they have not had time or inclination to feel the problem of life itself profoundly.—REINHOLD NIEBUHR (*Atlantic Monthly*)

If there is a purposefulness behind Evolution, and if man is an instalment of one of the purposes, it may be our most urgent and practical duty to try to discern more of the great evolutionary trends so that we may assist in the fulfilment of more of the purpose.—SIR J. ARTHUR THOMSON (*Philosophy*)

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"———ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."

HUDIBRAS.

Last month in this column we gave publicity to Mr. Gandhi's pronouncement regarding Christian Missionary effort. Since, Mr. Gandhi has issued in his *Young India* (23rd April) a corrected version of what the interviewer reported him to have said. We print it below:

If instead of confining themselves purely to humanitarian work such as education, medical services to the poor and the like, they would use these activities of theirs for the purpose of proselytising, I would certainly like them to withdraw. Every nation considers its own faith to be as good as that of any other. Certainly the great faiths held by the people of India are adequate for her people. India stands in no need of conversion from one faith to another.

Our remarks of last month need no alteration. They stand true and gain strength from Gandhiji's elucidation of his own view. He says:

Why should I change my religion because a doctor who professes Christianity as his religion has cured me of some disease or why should the doctor expect or suggest such a change whilst I am under his influence? Is not medical relief its own reward and satisfaction? Or why should I, whilst I am in a missionary educational institution, have Christian teaching thrust upon me? In my opinion these practices are not uplifting and give rise to suspicion if not even secret hostility. . . . Conversion now-a-days has become a matter of business, like any other. I remember having read

a missionary report saying how much it cost per head to convert and then presenting a budget for "the next harvest." . . . To those who would convert India, might it not be said, "Physician heal thyself"?

Not only does the Christian Missionary need to heal himself, but millions of his own co-religionists in his own native land require his preaching for better morals much more than the Indian peasants; the submerged in his own native slums need his aid much more than the Indian submerged among whom he carries on a denationalizing propaganda and mass-proselytism. Furthermore, the Christian Missionary, to augment his funds at home, talks about the supposed weaknesses of the votaries of the great non-Christian faiths, among whom they have pursued their vocation; he also contributes to the augmentation of the colour-bar problem, as will be seen from an article to appear in our next number by that friend of India, H. S. L. Polak.

Between forced proselytism and inner conversion there is a difference as great as between darkness and light. Says Gandhiji:

Conversion in the sense of self-purification, self-realisation is the crying need of the times. That however is not what is ever meant by proselytising.

The psychology of inner conversion was fully examined by William James in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*. Theosophy has its own explanations to offer. On one point all agree: proselytism, forced or persuasive, from without is different from inner conversion. We maintain that the former is an evil, and the latter may result and in many cases has resulted in good. The process of inner conversion takes place in the human constitution unconsciously; but Theosophy does recognize the technique of deliberate and self-conscious effort which brings about inner conversion to deeper and nobler points of view. To make the Spiritual Will, at present passive, active; to transform the obstacle of fancy and phantasy into the king-faculty of Imagination; to put the mind beyond its restrictive function of receiving and co-ordinating impressions, and arouse it to Creative Ideation and to higher receptivity of Intuition and of Inspiration;—all this is included in the Discipline which Plato named Psychagogy and which Hindus call Yoga. This self-education and self-discipline is the duty which every man owes to himself, including the Christian missionary, who is often a crass heathen bowing down to his own kind of idols of wood and stone, a false pagan worshipping gods not of love universal but of dogmatism as hard as iron. To the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" Theosophy answers in the affirmative, explaining that he who is not earnestly and sin-

cerely attempting his own inner conversion, volitionally and intentionally, has no right to preach of the Doctrine of Conversion to others, let alone indulge in the folly of proselytism.

Mr. Colin Ross is known as a traveller who has visited every corner of the world during the last ten years. He has not only a philosophic outlook natural to so many German journalists, but in addition has the power to value human endeavours from a spiritual point of view. Some time ago he wrote on "The Fruits of Rationalization" in the Berlin *Geopolitik*, but we are indebted to the American *Living Age* for the translation. He pleads for rationalization not only of production and distribution of commodities but the whole of life. He says:—

If we consider the present economic situation, we must come to the conclusion that not a match or a saucepan can be manufactured without the good Lord's having a hand in it. That is not blasphemy or a frivolous joke, but a concise expression of the old empirical fact that we cannot get along without metaphysics, or at least not for long. If pure reason were enough, our age should be the happiest that has ever existed. Yet mankind is not completely happy or contented, though it is living under conditions that would seem unbelievably luxurious to former ages. Much as I admire Henry Ford, I cannot entirely share his view that perfect happiness on earth will be reached as soon as every man has his own automobile. Not that I have anything against the automobile; perhaps of all technical achievements it contains the greatest possibilities for human happiness. But it is as true now as ever that man doth not live by bread alone, even when

he eats his bread on the driver's seat of his own cabriolet.

The outer-sense life which people have been pursuing in the hope of gaining contentment, the soul of which is peace, has been proven a will-o'-the-wisp. In decades before the War the masses believed that if they could possess the riches of the classes the end of misery would be in sight. In these post-war years millions are feeling what only a few felt before, viz., that purchasable possessions are dead sea fruit. This perhaps is the greatest moral gain accruing from unemployment. Nature is compelling Europe and America to learn what they have stubbornly refused for long decades: human progress does not depend on outer objects, however much these may facilitate it. Unemployment is compelling the masses to go back on their cherished theory of happiness by means of bath-tubs, electricity, motor cars and cinemas. Even education, free and compulsory, has contributed substantially in disturbing the balance of power between the capitalists and the working classes while it was expected to beget equilibrium. In Great Britain the *moral* weakness caused by the dole is generally discussed, and the earlier the unemployed awaken to the fact that they must look within for sustenance, the better for the Western world. In Russia the true success of the Revolution is still to come. It will arrive on the day when the Russian people find out that economic strength, physical comforts, short hours of

work and long hours of leisure not only raise new problems but make harder the attainment of that knowledge which yields peace.

The civilization which is vanishing was built by applied science which subsists on sense-observation and analytic reason. But science itself has reached almost the limit of resources by which to see more minute or more distant objects of matter. Reason of a synthetic type is being sought—mathematics and philosophy are to the fore. Mr. Colin Ross is right when he says:—

We must either bow before nature and let her completely ordain the course of our lives, or we ourselves must assume control of the whole complex process. . . We must recognize that we cannot get along with reason alone, and that man, like the cosmos in which he lives, is not a wholly rational form. This unexplained and perhaps inexplicable paradox must not be omitted from our reckoning; in other words, we must take into full account the irrational part of man's nature and his spiritual needs.

Mr. Colin Ross seems to be of the same opinion as was expressed by THE ARYAN PATH in its issue of November 1930 (p. 691): He says:—

The Fascist movement is largely a substitute for religion and, paradoxical as it sounds, the Bolshevist fanaticism against existing churches is indicative of religious needs.

He concludes:—

To speak of such matters in connection with purely economic questions sounds rather strange, perhaps even somewhat fantastic and "unscientific". We can only await the developments of the future, and meanwhile: do not forget the irrational; it will yet play a dominant

ing rôle in our age of reality and rationalization.

What is this "Irrational" which ancient Brahma-Vidya and modern Theosophy calls Super-Rational. Has not this economic problem any connection with the statement attributed to Jesus that the meek shall inherit the earth, or with the example of Gotama who exchanged the crown for the begging-bowl? Is Mr. Colin Ross approaching the "Loin-cloth" theory of life which Mr. Churchill so cordially hates? or has he a new asceticism to offer?

The Hindustan Association of America has enlarged its Journal into a quarterly, and has named it *India*. The first number contains a report of an excellent speech by Prof. Rupert Emerson of Harvard University. Prof. Emerson is a keen student of political science and political economy, has studied European problems at first hand and is acquainted with developments in Russia. Speaking at the banquet of the annual convention of the Association, he said:—

One thing, however, is increasingly borne in upon me, and that is that India's problems will be far from settled when she has achieved self-government, whether it be in the form of full independence, Dominion status, or some unique hybrid. It is far easier to free one's self from alien rule than to achieve the ordered self-discipline necessary for self-rule If Indian nationalism should come to mean what European nationalism has meant—the oppressive

crushing out of diversity in order to secure uniformity—then the future is black indeed. One lesson that can be learned from the experience of the West is that oppression leads to a strengthening of the very forces that one attempts to root out. A religious community, or a language or a national community, which one seeks to force into an alien uniform mould comes to a new and vital consciousness of itself, and resists with a force that it itself, perhaps, did not know that it possessed. Nationalism breeds counter-nationalisms. It might even be suggested that India's nationalism has arisen in response to the pressure of Britain's nationalism. Is there not a grave danger that nationalism in India will lead to the appearance of counter-nationalisms within India? . . . If the most enlightened minds of the West are coming to see nationalism as dangerous and anachronistic, is India light-heartedly to set her feet in that same path? I suggest that one of the greatest contributions that India could make to the world would be the discovery of a new path, which would reconcile her age-old diversity with the age-old unity of which she is again becoming freshly conscious.

If she is to live in the modern world I assume that she must make up for the material handicap under which she now labours, and dispel her poverty. But in the things of the spirit, India is incomparably rich. The danger to those spiritual riches which might be implied in a nationalist programme is too grave to be overlooked. It is in the realms of the spirit that the things I have been talking about dwell, and I hope that India may continue to lead in those realms by welding the diversity of her vast riches into the very structure of her loyalty and devotion to the Indian nation.

Prof. Rupert Emerson is a practical idealist and his words need to be weighed and pondered over by all lovers of India.